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Vol. CLXXI No. 2231 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 24 1942

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

A SANDSTORM IN THE DESERT RAISED BY A FORMATION OF BOSTON BOMBERS OF THE R.A.F. as they take off for a flight over Cairo

This formation of Bostons took part in a flight recently over the Egyptian capital when they were escorted by fighter aircraft: altogether, fighters and escort occupied an area of over sixteen square miles in the sky—a most impressive spectacle! As they took off from their desert airfield, the bombers left behind them a veritable sandstorm as their propellers churned up the loose surface of the desert. They thus illustrated one of the many difficulties experienced by pilots in Egypt—the ever-present sandstorm, which arises from two causes: those of Nature, and those which are man-made, as in this case. Apparently any serious disturbance of the loose desert surface—whether by transport or by aircraft—causes the sand to rise up and envelop the whole locality in a sandstorm of greater or less intensity

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 164

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Babel.—Interpreters can translate German and Russian into English, and *vice versa*, but the most highly trained cannot translate German or Russian mentality when they translate language. That is often the cause of the Babel which war is, and of the mental misery of peoples at war, blaring out their propaganda to friend and foe *à tort et à travers*. Fortunately, we have a working knowledge of German mentality, over long years. All the pettiness and spite and pin-pricks and inferiority-complex of the German governess of fact and fiction govern the actions and speeches of Nazi politicians and its High Command, addressed to England; and we know quite a lot about these little failings of Fraülein (as we once admired her good qualities). Thus, we can say of the Dieppe-Sark allegations, revived when convenient, "that is Fraülein all over." It is not the less loathsome, but it is at least explicable. It is different with Russia, our ally. The mentality of Soviet Russia is still little understood in Britain, and it is as difficult, as it is vital, that progress to understanding should be made between Allied Governments in war to the death. Stalin interprets the Russian people even more convincingly than he interprets himself in his expression of Russia's attitude to the "time-lag" of British and American intervention. The war weariness and desperate need of relief in their heroic, titanic struggle against the weight of Nazi arms are not alone the cause of the underrating of our aid hitherto. Mr. Churchill shrewdly put his finger on the crux—Russia thinks in terms of land, we think in terms of the sea. The hinge of our effort to relieve the pressure on Stalingrad is shipping. No weight of evidence can move Russians to appreciate the truth, which is clear enough to a seafaring race. It is Babel. It is tragedy and fraught with instant danger. Evidence crowds in to prove—if proof were needed—that the hour for action has struck, and the consequences of further delay teem with danger. It is precisely the condition which Hitler and Goebbels have worked to bring about. It has come about without much help from Nazi propaganda, and despite all the counter efforts of British propaganda, faint yet pursuing. The great gulf is not yet to be bridged between Russia which holds "It is better to try now, and to fail, than to wait till your efforts are too late"; and the democracies which declare that "to try before success was assured would be a worse disaster to the common cause than further delay."

Manacled.—It is a great pity that the facts concerning the permission given to bind prisoners' hands in the heat of battle (to prevent them destroying documents or escaping to give the alarm in a raid which depends on secrecy and silence) were not disclosed immediately the first German protest was made. For one reason only: Goebbels is Goebbels, and will do his best to make capital with "a tardy admission, wrung, etc." As for breaches of international or humane conventions, that is *moonshine*. A prisoner is no prisoner of war until he has made submission. As long as he intends to escape, in the article of war, to give away his enemy's plan or to destroy his identification or other documents, he is no more entitled to claim the rules governing the treatment of prisoners in camps than is an enemy firing his machine-gun from cover. The Germans know that well enough, and act upon it, as they acted upon it in 1914-18 and long before and since. The Geneva Convention and any other humanity rules of warfare among civilised nations have long been a dead letter in this war. Nations which have "gone native" are not expected to honour the signature of their predecessors, once politely classed as civilised. The bombing of open towns, harmless villages, women and children, the sick and wounded, have all been part of the principles of modern war among the Nazis since the war began, and have been found most useful weapons. Reprisals by hostages and the murder of innocent people untried are other weapons much used, though the results yielded are not quite so satisfactory. Now, it is prisoners of war. Our prisoners on the whole were not ill-treated in the war of 1914-18, except in isolated instances of brutality by humourless, barbarous tyrants in charge of prison camps. But that is changed. Hitler has ousted the old military cast, and Hitler has no traditions, no justice, no mercy, no chivalry, no pride; only vanity, egotism, ruthless hate and all the pettiness of a personal deficiency complex. Needless to say, the Italian monkey, chained to his barrel-organ, is miming and gibbering the same new tune.

THE OFFICER WHO COMMANDS THE R.A.F. IN MALTA—Air Vice-Marshal Keith Rodney Park, preparing to fly his Spitfire over the Island: Air Vice-Marshal Park is a New Zealander, fifty years of age. He is the man who is behind the recent wonderful achievements of the Spitfires at Malta against the combined German and Italian bomber and fighter forces. He played a very large part in the Battle of Britain, during which he flew his own single-seater fighter aircraft over the battle area "to see for himself": he was also the last man over Dunkirk in a Hurricane during the Evacuation. At Malta he frequently uses a fighter aeroplane when touring the Island's aerodromes and R.A.F. establishments

A Futile Vendetta.—A mental picture of the act of manacling 2,000 Canadian officers and men taken at Dieppe will bring out the complete futility of this new vendetta (if indeed the manacles are in existence after years of scrap-iron salvage). Even the most brutally Nazified Prison Commandant must have detested the impossible task of explaining to these surprised and innocent prisoners the reasons for imposing this mild torture and great indignity upon them. "It is (Heil Hitler!) the Führer's order: Your Churchill has ordered the binding of our prisoners' hands." Even a pig in field-grey uniform would see the joints in the harness of his logic. He might believe the charge to be true, for he has been trained to digest the wildest falsehood. But he could not but feel that he had got the wrong sow by the ear, and that the practice of punishing prisoners in cold blood for the "crimes" of others was likely to spread, until there would be no more prisoners to guard or punish on either side. For hate would soon grow into the practice of giving no quarter, and this policy will do much to convert the last waverers in the Allied ranks who may still believe that victory is possible without 100 per cent. of ruthless resolve or with the luxury of an "open" mind. It is not impossible that the manacling was perforce a "token act" on either side. Certainly on our side we should wish it to be so, but we should, and could, promise no less than the Nazis, and exact an eye for an eye, albeit in a vendetta of reprisal the savage must always hold the initiative. Brutality can only be met by ruthless resolve, reprisal by reprisal, hate by hate, until nothing is left but naked hate and inexorable determination to conquer by all and any means. We are getting ever nearer to that stage. But, God knows, on our side there is still need for a general realisation of what this war means in realism, ruthlessness and brutal frankness and *urgency*. Every day furnishes fresh proofs of it. An M.P. "raises the question of a service ribbon for Home Guards"; a propagandist "deplores the indiscriminate bombing of civilians by Nazi airmen"; another points out the inaccuracy of much of Goebbels' output of facts; others paint pretty word pictures for us of the gallant and long resistance of the brave Russians which suggest news from the "Theatre in Wartime" in a remote country, in which our interest is only oblique and cultural. Does a majority of the nation still suppose that the age of chivalry survives in 1942 to link up with the golden age of 1943 or thereabouts? Or that there is still a place for moral platitude or reference to international conventions?

"The Press They Deserve."—In the past month, American journalism contrived two stunts which have done more to achieve Goebbels' objects than all the speeches of Nazi "statesmen" and all the twists and turns which the Doctor of Lies could achieve within the period named. That is a melancholy fact. In America the Press is still far less controlled and regimented than in Britain. We have been longer at war, and have appreciated more clearly that the chief virtue of democracy—freedom of speech—must be, while war lasts, in a large measure resigned, if it is to be preserved. It would not need to be resigned or controlled if all men in authority in journalism had the restraint, the sense of proportion, the decency, the breadth of mind and the patriotism of the average citizen of either country. They have not; and, what is more, they do not appreciate that their readers in the bulk possess those qualities which they lack. In saying that (and it is no exaggeration), it remains to say that the lead given by America's great journals—which are many—in encouraging Allied understanding and general concentration on winning the war has been constantly signal and invaluable. The British and American Press, judged on the record of their Great *Minorities*, have played the noblest part in the war effort. The fact remains that two great peoples, the two leading Democracies, have for decades suffered to exist a majority Press, unworthy of a nation in the dark ages of ignorance and crudeness, and have suffered their national reputations to be daily traduced and smirched by the shoddy of a bulk of the journals to which they subscribe. The reading public in both countries are as much to blame as their guttersnipe pressmen. And it comes to this: the long road to victory leads to a road to peace not less long, not less thick with obstacles. The ultimate goal will never be reached until the reputation of the peoples of Britain and America for those qualities of sense, taste and decency is by themselves established and acknowledged, and begins to direct the policy of those who serve them in journalism. Peoples will always "have the Press they deserve," until they take the remedy which their merits demand.

Peace or a Sword?—For what lies ahead of the dim, incalculable prospect of an end to this war? The dimmer and more insoluble problem of the settlement of Europe and the world. Frontiers for Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Balkans—to name two or three little trifles. Optimists are already marking maps with red lines. Does it break your heart or split your sides when you reflect on the absurdity of the hope that even these few obstacles to lasting peace will be removed, so long as a gutter-Press can continue to poison the wells of unity, unselfishness, moderation, restraint and common sense? I have heard it said that, if radio had never been invented, Hitler would have been denied the means of creating that revolution which plunged the world in misery and blood. I dislike many aspects and practices of even our own controlled, restrained and, in the main, decent broadcasting system. The Fascist systems have been converted to fearful weapons of poison and destruction. The Press is old, radio comparatively new. The restoration of world broadcasting to a common standard of moderation and sound guidance presents nothing like the problem which the achieving of the same result in the Press presents. That is an "Augean stable" problem; and the Great Democracies, with far less cause, are no less tarred with the shame of their gutter-Press majorities than would be the most backward and primitive race in Christendom. "What the public wants"—that is the catchword of the "popular" Press. What *does* the public want? Peace, harmony, decency, or a sword endlessly turning, sores endlessly festering? Stunts and sensations or security and sense? Decency or dirt? For themselves and for their unhappy, betrayed children? What a price have we paid in the last decades (above the supreme price we are now willing to pay) for "this freedom"!

THE OLD STAGER

GERMANS CLOSING IN ON A GUTTED RUSSIAN FACTORY IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY. Enemy infantry are being carried on the tanks, whilst other soldiers follow the leading tank closely on foot. Later in the Stalingrad fighting, the use of tanks was found to be impracticable by the Germans

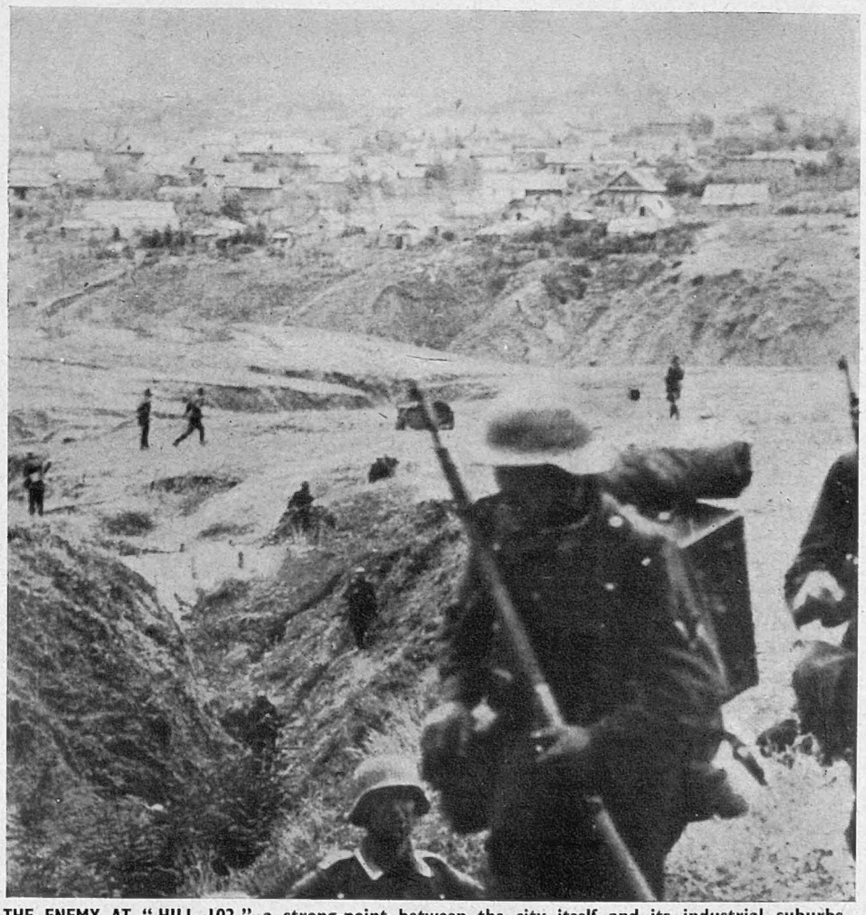
SCENES DURING THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF STALINGRAD

Still Unsubdued After Weeks of the Intensest Fighting

A SCENE IN ONE OF THE CENTRAL STREETS AFTER AN AIR BOMBARDMENT BY THE GERMANS: The big buildings of the Factory City are now mostly heaps of rubble

GERMAN SOLDIERS GLAD OF THE SHELTER AFFORDED BY A CRATER in a Stalingrad street. Both men are using machine-guns

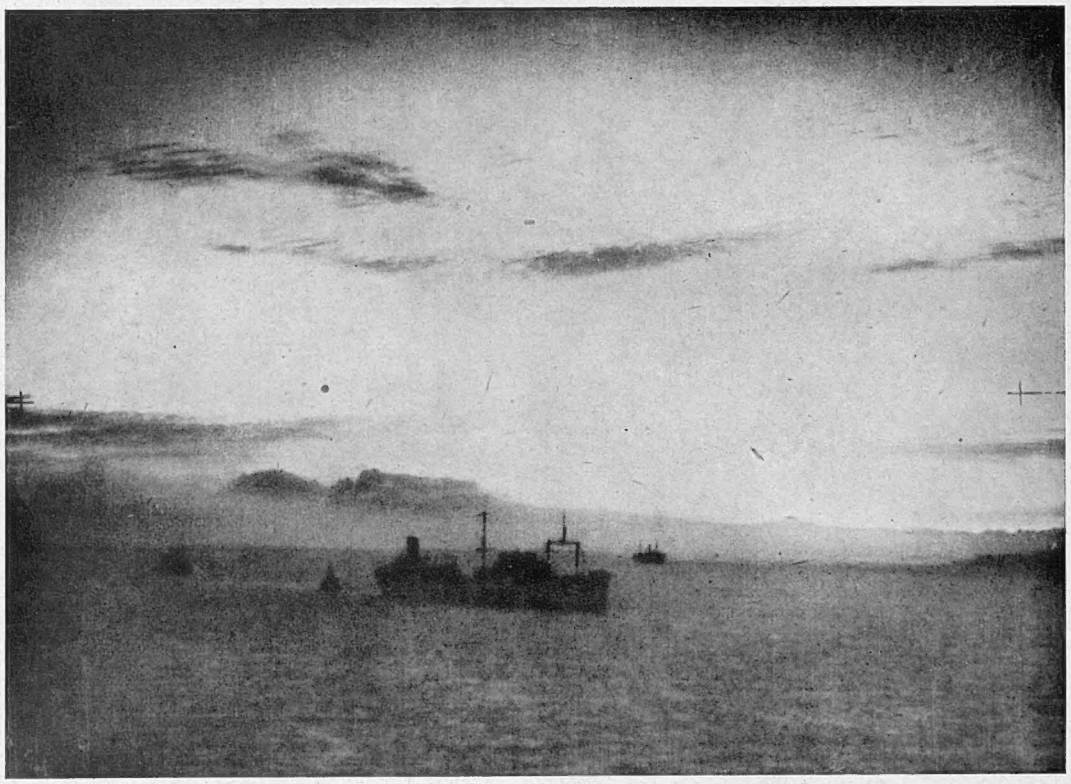
A GERMAN MACHINE-GUN CREW manning an improvised street barricade at a strategic corner in Stalingrad



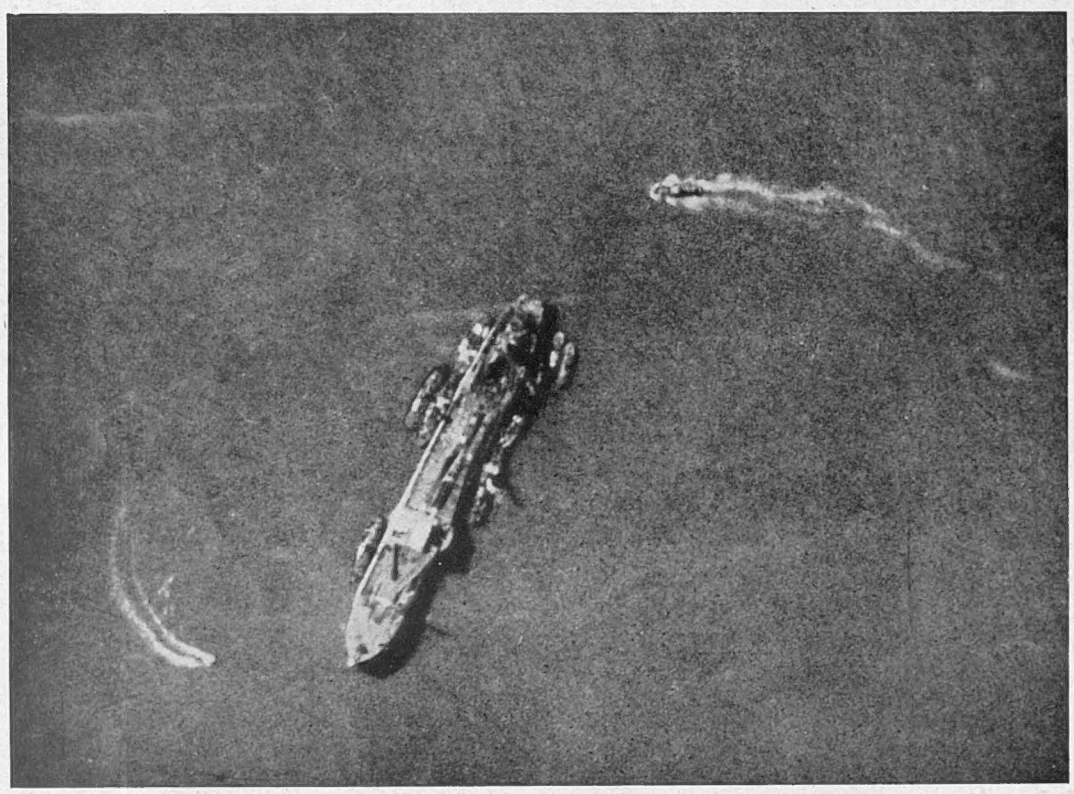
THE ENEMY AT "HILL 102," a strong-point between the city itself and its industrial suburbs, which frequently changed hands during the earlier fighting

COASTAL COMMAND in ATTACK and RESCUE

The Latest Air Ministry Pictures of Scenes Off the French Coast and in Mid-Atlantic

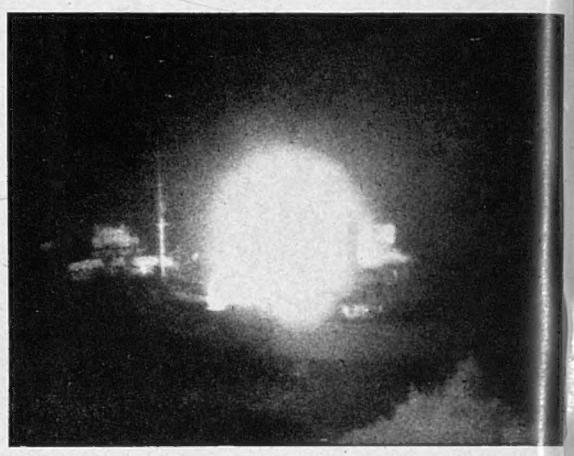


1. A GERMAN TANKER IS ATTACKED BY AN R.A.F. COASTAL COMMAND WHITLEY OFF ST. NAZAIRE: The selected target looms up before the pilot in the early morning off the French coast



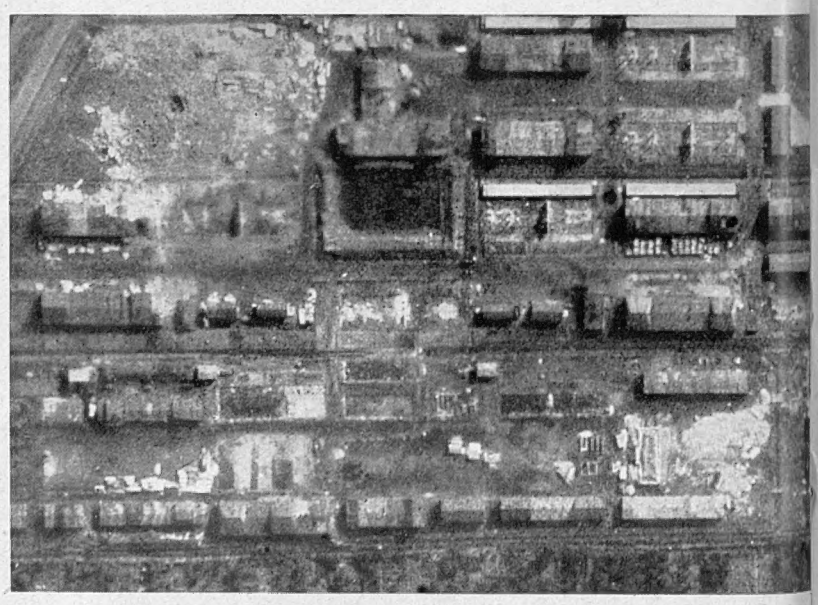
2. THE "POSTSCRIPT" PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW HOURS LATER BY RECONNAISSANCE AIRCRAFT: Tugs are clustering round the damaged tanker, which is listing badly as it is towed slowly towards the shore

THE WHITLEY IS OVER THE SHIP: Its camera, ne pointing away from the light, records the explosi by the flash of the bomb-burst amidships



A SPLIT SECOND LATER: The "ball of fire" is welli up, outlining the funnel to the right and the poo to the left

In the early morning recently, a Coastal Comman Whitley flew low from the dark Atlantic towards th coast of France just as dawn was breaking over the land The pilot, a Wing Commander, headed for St. Nazaire the Nazi-occupied U-boat base. A ship at anchor loome up, but the pilot saw the outline of a larger one behind it was a tanker. And this he attacked from a low leve At least one (possibly more) of his stick of bombs crashe into the hull amidships between superstructure an funnel. There was an explosion just forward of th poop, followed by what the crew described as a "ba of flame and heavy thick smoke in mushroom shape. Some hours later an aircraft on reconnaissance added a postscript to the picture-story of the attack by photo graphing the damaged tanker as it was being towe slowly, heeling badly, towards the shore. Anothe example of the fine work being done by Coastal Comman in its constant war on enemy shipping!



DEVASTATION AT THE FOCKE-WULF AIRCRAFT WORKS after the raid on Bremen by the R.A.F. on September 13. The picture on the left shows the camouflaged works *before* the attack; that on the right the same spot *after* the attack, showing the extensive damage to the Focke-Wulf works at Neuenland, near Bremen. The works were bombed by Bomber Command aircraft on the night of September 13. A third of an area of 19 acres was devastated by high explosives and fire: eighteen of the sheds were destroyed, some of them measuring 140 by 45 ft. It is probable that these camouflaged, single-storey sheds were used for storing materials

AN R.A.F. COASTAL COMMAND FLYING FORTRESS RESCUES 43 TORPEDOED SEAMEN

Two Official Air Ministry Pictures Showing the Men in their Lifeboat 500 Miles Out in the Atlantic

Forty-three Allied seamen, whose ship was sunk by a German U-boat, owe their lives to a Coastal Command Flying Fortress which sighted them—some on rafts and others in a lifeboat—nearly 500 miles out in the Atlantic. The pilot (Flying Officer K. W. J. Tarrant, D.F.C.) was on patrol when he sighted a lifeboat, with six or seven men who stood up in their frail craft and waved enthusiastically as the aircraft dipped low. A few miles away the pilot found a raft on which were ten or fifteen men : then he saw two rafts lashed together supporting another group of men. Finally, a small, hastily-constructed raft was seen on which were three men, obviously exhausted. Rations and life-jackets were dropped by the Fortress and picked up by the lifeboat and rafts, and wireless messages were sent back to the base giving the positions of the seamen. By next day the survivors had been rescued by destroyers and corvettes. Before he began hunting submarines and escorting convoys in Flying Fortresses, Flying Officer Tarrant (in a Hudson) had made many mast-high attacks on enemy shipping. He was awarded the D.F.C. last November for his part in a highly-successful raid on Aalesund Harbour, in Norway, when he set a 2,000-ton ship and a fish-oil factory on fire. He is twenty-four years of age and comes from Warblington, Havant, in Hampshire.

90,000 BRITONS and their GERMAN GAOLERS

Their Routine Life and Their Aspirations and Accomplishments whilst Prisoners of War in Germany

By FERDINAND TUOHY

UNTIL this viciously-childish affair of the prisoners in chains, it can truthfully be said that the Nazi treatment of British and Dominion prisoners of war provided least ground for criticism of all Germany's behaviour towards her "principal enemy." If the diet has been meagre, and work heavy, the stream of Red Cross food parcels has never been intercepted and labour has not been compulsory—differing in this respect from the case of some other prisoners of war. Our men have been spared the curse of having Nazi propaganda endlessly blared at them through camp loud-speakers—in fact, they have been allowed a maximum of "escapism" behind barbed wire. There have been no complaints of harsh treatment by German gaolers, who are mostly last-war Army men. Such protests as have been made about camp conditions have been attended to.

I do not know if the atmosphere suggested by the following is common to many *Oflags* and *Stalags*: "A German prison commandant ordered a parade in honour of Sergeant John Hinton, thirty-three-year-old New Zealander, to receive the ribbon of the V.C.", but there is no ground for supposing that it is not—or rather, that it hasn't been up till now. It has almost seemed at times as if the Germans have been making a bid for our fellows, or at least that Göring has, as this suggests: "R.A.F. captives have the best time. They get four meals a day, they can go for country walks and have meals at inns." Whatever the conditions, the average British prisoner's attitude appears to be: "I 'm out of the war now, and it 's up to me to keep going and to concentrate on the future." The urge to escape is clearly less than it was in 1914-18 on account of Germany being all over Europe, especially on the coast.

The British prisoners, to the number of 90,000 and overwhelmingly from Dunkirk and Greece-Crete, are distributed through forty camps, the majority in the north and centre. There are officers' camps and camps for other ranks, the one exception being for 123 captives of St. Nazaire whose officers and men have been permitted to remain together. Recently, the Red Cross issued *Prisoner of War*, which tells of the following typical day in an officers' camp, or *Oflag*:

Up at 6.45; parade 7.15; breakfast at 8; bath, make bed, read or work till 10, then canteen for beer. Lunch at 11, sleep half-hour or more, read or lessons till 3; parade, then a swim if warm. Tea; walk in field about one-tenth mile round, "not very interesting, nose to tail all the way." Supper at 7; parade. If no concert, etc., bridge till 9.30. Officers have their committees and their own C.O. through whom the German camp authorities are approached. Officers receive the same pay as German officers of like rank. The last war's prisoner used to buy a Hamburg wine concoction which damaged the nerves, as a grim prisoners-of-war play once told us. This time the emphasis is on beer.

Other ranks are kept to a strictly camp routine unless they opt for work, in which case they are sent to do unskilled and strenuous manual labour, mostly on the land and building. The notion that Hitler started his chaining as a preliminary to pressing all British prisoners into war work, "thereby securing a large number of the workers he cannot get from Laval," is poppycock. He wants 150,000 *skilled* workers from Laval. How many of the British 90,000 are skilled? And even if many were skilled, and were mobilised, there would still be this to contend with:

"British workers are the worst in Germany. Compared with German workers, Frenchmen give an 80-90 per cent. performance. Belgians 75-80 per cent. Poles 65-75 per cent. Serbs 60-70 per cent. Englishmen 45-55 per cent." This is the official Nazi diagnosis, and it includes those of the 6,000 captive British civilians who elect to work and earn something for the canteen at the same time as they kill the great enemy of boredom. A fair proportion do tailoring in pooled workshops.

Here is a typical day's fare in the men's camps—breakfast: half-litre of *ersatz* coffee, bread from a daily ration of 10 ozs. Dinner: soup and potatoes. Tea: soup and potatoes, or meat and potato mash, or cheese or sausage, with tea or *ersatz* coffee. On Sundays, special ration of 2 ozs. of Camembert cheese and some jam. "This food," comments the Red Cross, "will obviously keep a man from starving, but it is plain, dull and 'foreign,' of a sameness and a type that gets you down, as the men say, consisting mainly of potatoes and acorn coffee. Men on heavy work especially need some supplement if their health is not to suffer."

Hence the enormous value of the Red Cross food parcels, despatched from Geneva to an aggregate of 400 tons a month, making one parcel a week per man, the contents of which are carefully chosen for their nutritional worth. Special ships now bear 120,000 parcels a week from Britain, and 70,000 from Canada, these figures including clothing, badly needed in the bleak and cold Germany of winter. As our own bombing of German communications is retarding delivery, there is added reason why there should be no cheese-paring of parcels as a result of the slight difference of opinion between the Red Cross and the War Office. If the former errs on the lavish side, how much better is it than a return to the picture evoked by Lord Newton in the last war: "The War Office can no more be expected to be interested in prisoners than butchers in meatless days."

Those food parcels even provide mental relief, as witness Lieut.-Colonel Newman (of St. Nazaire) writing to his wife: "Red Cross parcels still the joy of life. Have most exciting cooking from the contents. I 'll be a good cook when I get home again." And: "Wonderful dinner-party (most odd dishes) to celebrate Lieut.-Com. Beattie's V.C." Lieut.-Colonel Newman, who is keeping what he calls a "barbed-wire diary," is himself fortunate enough to be able to "pass the time quickly" painting and sketching. But he is also a "professor." "We 've started a school," he reports. "I 'm professor of building and contracting and have forty students!"

This brings me to perhaps the main theme underlying the prisoners' life: preparation for peacetime. Nearly all the captives wish to profit by their captivity by fitting themselves for the competitive times they foresee. Letters home tell of classes in engineering, navigation, economics, music, medicine, farming, building, commercial subjects, and, of course, languages.

Books are devoured, though not all books. Fiction, biography, travel and history are the most popular, with detective stories nowhere. Some are undertaking deeper studies, such as philosophy and psychology, while others request books to improve their chances of gaining University degrees. But "the most popular studies are engineering of every kind, languages, accountancy and commercial subjects, and anything to do with making a home — building, furniture, horticulture, poultry and bee-keeping."

Perhaps the most pathetic requests are for mind-training courses. "So many of the older men's memories are losing their retentiveness through enforced mental inaction."

The foregoing should give a good idea of how the prisoners are seeking to improve their chances in the post-war world by study and application behind the barbed wire. Only less effort is put into the business of maintaining morale and keeping themselves relatively happy by producing shows of all kinds. Without a scrap of doubt Noel Coward would be the most popular prisoner of war, for does not one hear that "Next to the Red Cross parcels, the most valuable element is a fellow-prisoner with some knowledge of the theatre"? Shows are both home-made and sent out from England—scripts of well-known plays. The former variety is well illustrated by such titles as *Pot-au-Feu*, *Blackpool Rock* ("the M.O. and padre were fully confident that it was worthy of the dear old Palladium"), *Pleasure Cruise* and *Dark Company*. The two last, showing hefty young men in Hawaiian girls' gear, bespeak an acute escapism which would possibly be tolerated, however, even by the most censorious.

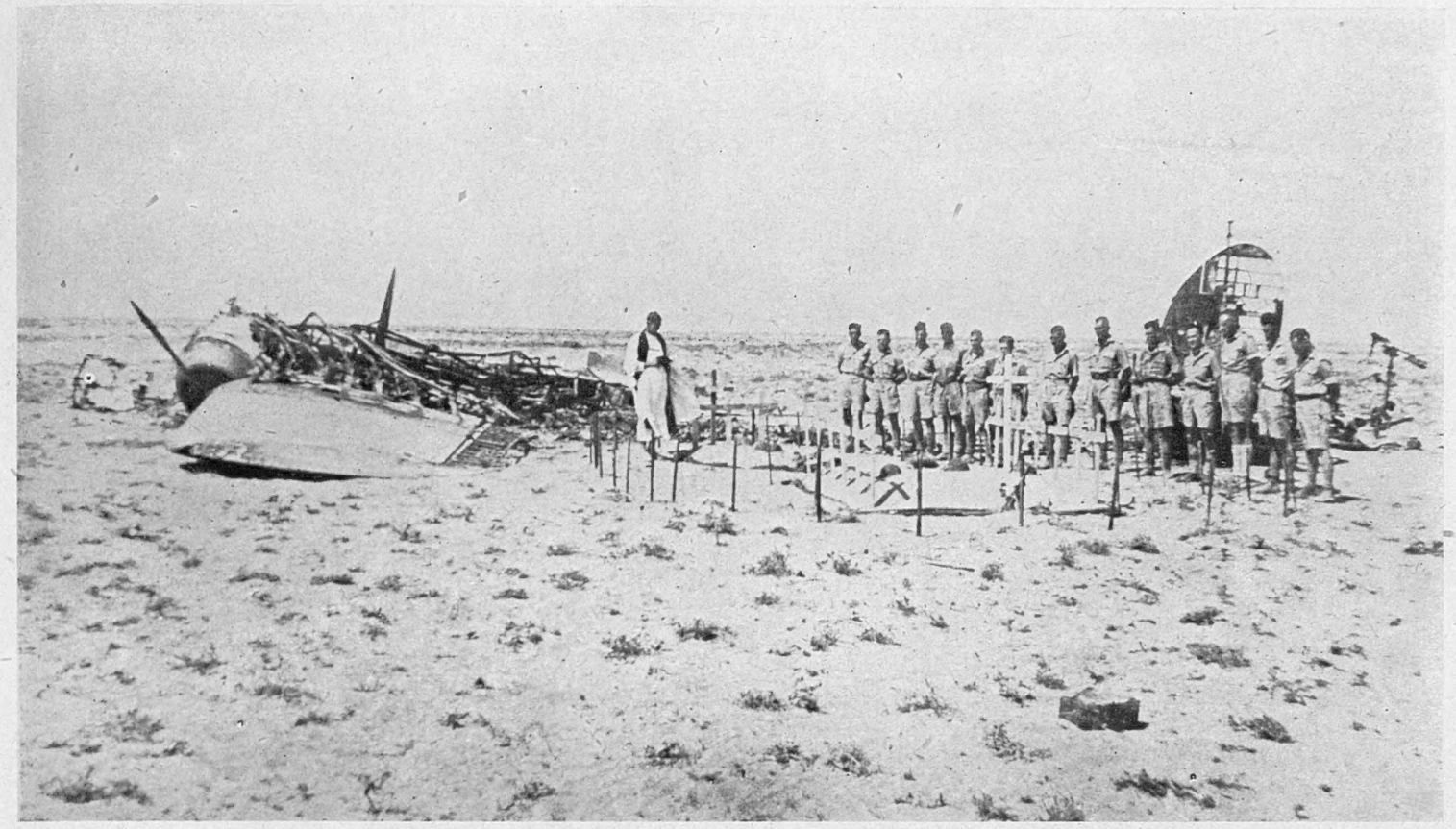
Three-act plays are wanted, not one-act, as there is plenty of time for rehearsing the former, and the Red Cross employ an experienced firm to sift and "vet" plays for despatch to the camps. *Hay Fever* and *The Cat and the Canary* have been recent successes, but the prisoners may not have *Journey's End*, which has been extensively asked for, nor even *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. The ban is not for the same reason. The Baroness Orczy happens to be banned in Germany. Sherriff's masterpiece is out because a rigid German rule ordains that there shall be no reference to the last war or to this one in the text of anything sent to prisoners' camps. I have come up against this myself in writing for a prisoner-of-war magazine. You can't imagine how difficult it is to hit on a subject not even ever so remotely connected with some aspect of this war.

I have got away with it by writing about such things as hobbies, but when I latterly suggested light fare about the Americans in Britain, they cracked down on that without delay. So the latest is a suggestion that I do a piece on "the journalist's custom of murdering words. You might retort that the journalist also creates words and that, anyway, his first duty is to make people sit up and take notice." But will British prisoners be interested in that?

I close with these "when I am free again" thoughts written home by an R.A.F. pilot:

"The things I look forward to most, apart from the obvious ones, such as our many reunions, and a square meal not out of a tin, are—a bath; clean white sheets and a spring mattress which you sink into; a new suit of clothes; an easy chair, a furnished room and the feel of a carpet under my feet; an egg, white bread, and tea made in a kettle, not in an old tin, a table-cloth; the sound of Big Ben; a dance, a 'flick' and a theatre show; to drive the old car and to be in the air again; a round of golf and a whisky at the nineteenth; the sight of a coal fire and the jingle of money in my pocket; the smell of a delicate perfume and of petrol. All these seemingly everyday things now have an entirely different value. Do not think all this life is negative. On the credit side there is vastly increased tolerance and patience never to be lost, I hope."

GENERAL SMUTS IN ENGLAND FOR WAR TALKS: Outside No. 10, Downing Street with his son, Captain J. Smuts, who accompanies him as A.D.C.: General Jan Christiaan Smuts is really a Field-Marshal, but he prefers to be called "General." He is now in London for the first time since the outbreak of this war to discuss plans for the great Allied "switch-over from the defensive to the offensive," and since his arrival he has been attending meetings of the War Cabinet for that purpose. General Smuts is now seventy-two years of age. In the South African War he fought against Britain; but in the War of 1914-1918 he led the South African Forces to victory against the Germans in East Africa. He was then called to London in 1917 to join the Imperial War Cabinet, when his great breadth of vision was fully appreciated. Since the opening of the present war he has striven might and main to further the Allied cause



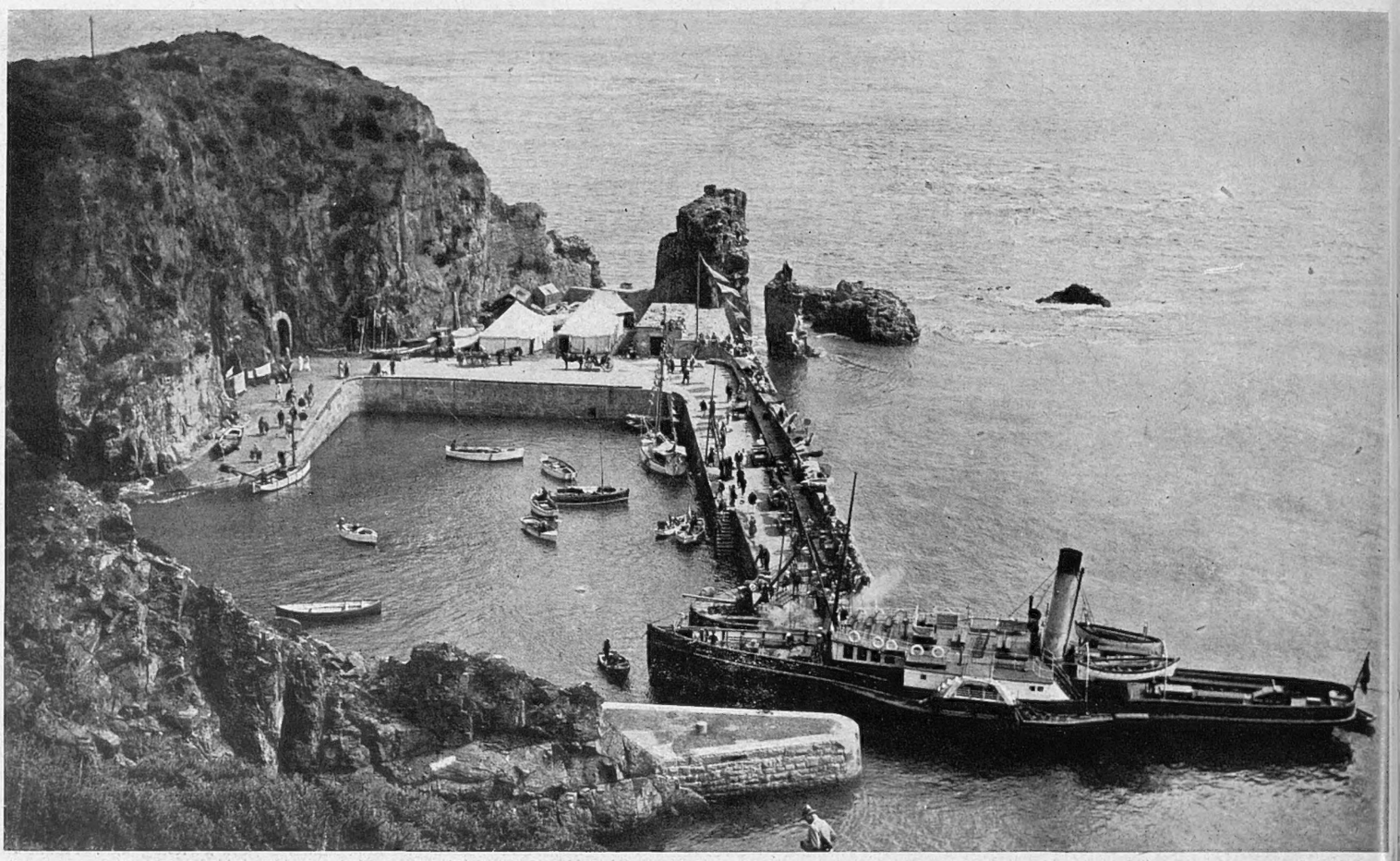
A PADRE CONDUCTS THE BURIAL SERVICE FOR LIEUT.-GENERAL W. H. ("STRAFER") GOTT AND OTHERS WHO WERE KILLED WITH HIM, when their plane crashed in the Western Desert. The wreckage of the aircraft is seen in the background

GENERAL GOTT IS BURIED IN THE DESERT

The Funeral Service After the Crash of his Aircraft in Egypt in August Last

On August 10 it was announced in London that General Gott (who had been in command of the 13th Corps in Egypt) had been killed when an aeroplane in which he was a passenger was shot down by enemy aircraft. With him, the other occupants of the aeroplane also met their end. All of them were buried in a simple little cemetery in the Western Desert, rough wooden crosses and battered steel helmets alone marking their last resting-place. Had he lived, General Gott would probably have succeeded to the command of the 8th Army, as he had established a great reputation for himself since the summer of 1940. In the first retreat from Benghazi, the late General re-established our front on the Sollum-Halfaya line. He was only forty-four years of age, and he was one of the youngest of British Generals

SIMPLE WOODEN CROSSES WITHIN A LITTLE CEMETERY ROUGHLY MARKED BY IRON POSTS: The graves of General Gott and his companions, who were killed after the aircraft in which they were passengers had been shot down by the enemy over the Egyptian Desert



CREUX, THE TINY HARBOUR ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE ISLAND OF SARK, AND ITS ONLY LANDING-PLACE. From here access to the interior is gained through the tunnel, seen in the upper left-hand, which is cut through the rock. It was on this island that ten British officers and men landed on the night of October 3 to gain first-hand information about the suspected ill-treatment of British residents

THE RAID ON SARK

How the Islanders Live To-day Under the German Yoke, and the Culmination of the Raid on the Night of October 3

—With Special Drawing and Diagram

ALTHOUGH so near England, almost complete silence fell upon the Channel Islands after their occupation by the Germans on July 1, 1940. Now, at last, some news has come out through the action of the Germans, which forced the Government to admit that many such small raids are made. It was on the night of October 3 that a raiding party of ten officers and men landed on the small island of Sark, where they captured five men, four of whom, "after repeated struggles," escaped and were shot while doing so. All the raiding party returned safely, bearing their one prisoner.

From this prisoner confirmation was obtained of the recent actions of the Germans, of which there had been rumours. A proclamation, signed by a certain German commanding officer—Knackfuss, Oberst, Feldkommandant—gave notice that all male civilians, not born in the islands nor permanently residing there, were to be deported to Germany—the age limit being between 16 and 70 years. The prisoner said these civilians were being sent for forced labour.

Many similar raids by British parties have been carried out successfully from time to time, though nothing had been published about them. The raid on Sark was the first official news breaking the silence concerning the happenings upon the Channel Islands since the German occupation. The only information which had been obtained had come from the reports of those few adventurous people who had escaped in small boats. After much weary effort, the Red Cross had managed to obtain powers for the customary letters to be sent, but they took a very long time, having to travel a most circuitous route, via Geneva, with the result that many months passed before an answer could be received.

The accounts given by those who escaped told the same story. Apparently the occupying Germans (at first some 800 to 1,000, afterwards greatly increased by Todt workers) were on their best behaviour on their arrival, lacking the rudeness so customary with German occupying troops. They wanted the Channel Islanders to think of them not as enemies, but as "our garrison," come to keep them from harm.

But the farmers, making up the bulk of the population, soon felt the German authority, being ordered to give up their usual methods, and to start at once on making the island self-supporting. Tomatoes were no longer to be a staple product, but greater quantities of wheat and potatoes were to be produced. As far as information has been received, the famous Guernsey and Jersey herds have not been interfered with.

Food has become increasingly scarce, though there has been no actual proof of absolute starvation. Bread is of poor quality, much potato being mixed with it. Nearly everything is rationed and no coffee or soap can be obtained. Electricity has to provide all heat and light, as coal, gas and oil are not to be had. Under peace conditions the islands imported much of their food, meat in particular, so there is a likelihood of difficulty in getting good supplies, unless the Germans are willing to drain Northern France of provisions.

After the fall of France it became obvious that the islands could not be held. Only 20 to 30 miles separated them from the mainland. The garrison was recalled and some 25,000 of the islanders left at the same time. Others decided to stay, while some hesitated, till it was too late and the Germans had arrived. The islanders felt hurt that, for the first time in history, the islands had been surrendered without a blow. Up till 1914 the enemy had always been France, though French is spoken, and there is a general French atmosphere on the islands. The people consider themselves neither French nor English, but Channel Islanders, proud of their attachment to the British Crown and of their past history. At no time have they wanted to return to France, though, as Victor Hugo said, they are—"bits of France fallen into the sea and gathered up by the English."

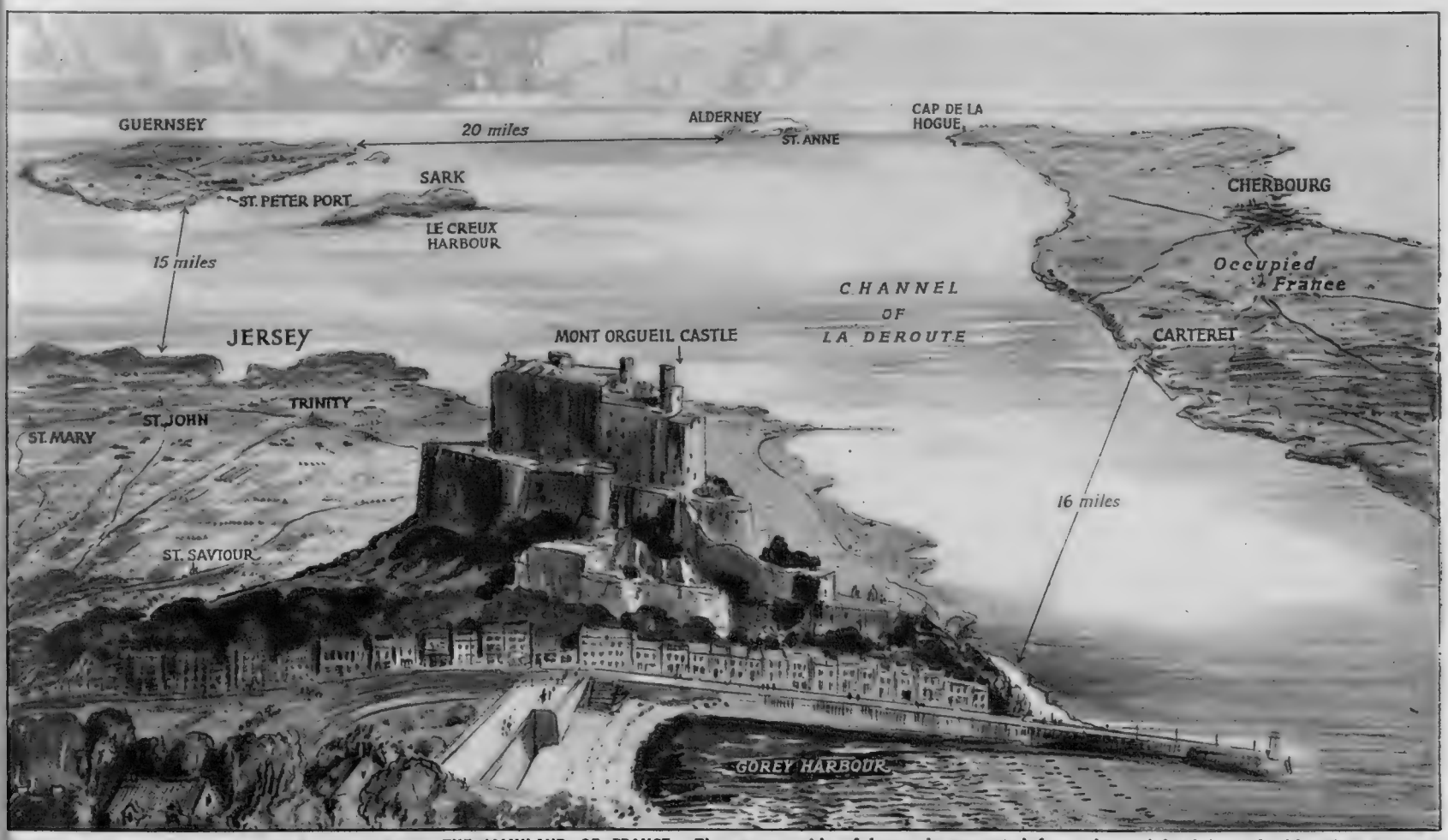
The peculiar position of the Channel Islands is due to their being part of the Duchy of Normandy when Duke William conquered England. They therefore retained their own laws and customs without

A TYPICAL STRETCH OF ROCKY COASTLINE AT COUPEE, ON THE ISLAND OF SARK: At this spot a natural causeway connects the north and south parts of the Island, known as Great and Little Sark

RIGHT UNDER THE NOSE OF THE GERMAN GARRISON OF SARK: A large British M.L. making a sunset reconnaissance off the rock-bound coast of the Island —*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Instances such as this have occurred a number of times since the German occupation of the Channel Isles: in fact, apart from the mere fact of possessing a portion of British territory, it is difficult to see what good purpose the enemy have derived from their occupation of this group of islands! Sark is about 3½ miles long by 1½ miles wide: its total area is only two square miles. The coastline is marked by numerous bays, caves and blow-holes, and it is difficult navigation on account of the currents. The only landing-place of any safety is Creux Harbour, on the east coast

being brought under English law. When Normandy was lost in the reign of King John, the Channel Islands put up a great resistance to the French, and throughout the centuries have managed to maintain their independence. They send no members to the House of Commons, but come directly under the Privy Council and the Crown. Many and many a time the French have tried to regain these islands lying so close to their northern shores, but though they were able now and again to invade and hold them for a short time, they were always expelled. Though so small and apparently easy to seize, the islanders managed to keep off their foes, protected by the rough seas which stormed round their rocky coasts and by the changes of the racing tides. The coming of air power overrode their natural defences, and for the time being an enemy holds sway, while the islanders await the expected deliverance.

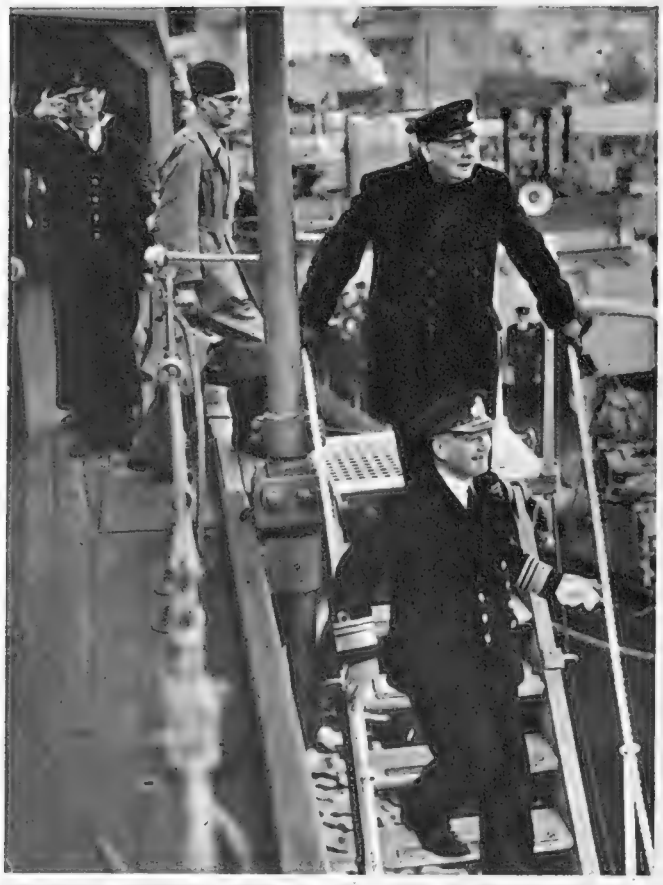


THE CHANNEL ISLANDS AND THEIR RELATION TO THE MAINLAND OF FRANCE: The eastern side of Jersey is separated from the mainland by only 16 miles of water, or a few minutes' journey by air. This was the chief reason why the Islands had to be abandoned after the Fall of France. Mont Orgueil Castle, on the island of Jersey, is the chief ancient fortress of the Channel group—*Drawing by Percy Home*

TWO NEW First-Class BATTLESHIPS in COMMISSION with the NAVY

H.M.S. "Anson" and H.M.S. "Howe" Photographed for the First Time Since Their Commissioning

Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, recently announced, in the course of a speech in Sheffield, that Britain had made up all her losses in capital ships in the past two and a quarter years. Thus the two additional battleships of the King George V class—the *Anson* and the *Howe*—are now in commission with the Royal Navy. Both were laid down in 1937: they have a displacement of 35,000 tons, a complement of 1,500, and are armed with ten 14-in. guns, sixteen 5·25's and various smaller weapons. Their speed is over 30 knots (or approaching 40 m.p.h.). The *Howe* was named after Admiral of the Fleet Earl Howe, the famous eighteenth-century Admiral who defeated the French Fleet on the Glorious First of June, 1794. She is the fourth ship in the Royal Navy to bear the name. It is interesting to note that all the ships of the King George V class are (unofficially) reported to have a weight of armour-plating of over 14,000 tons and a water-line thickness of plate of sixteen inches!

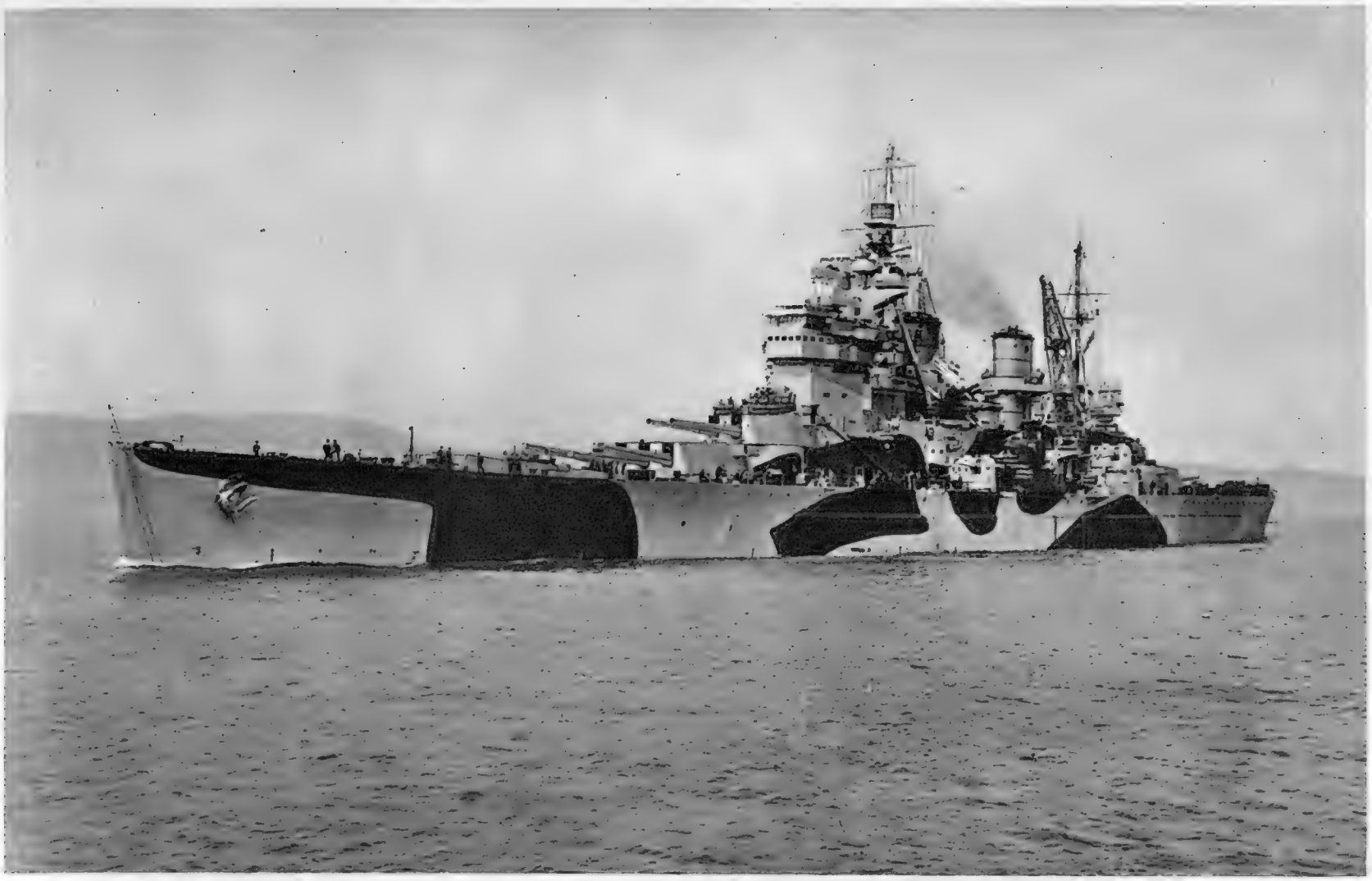


THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT TO THE HOME FLEET: Mr. Winston Churchill being piped over the side as he leaves a destroyer depot ship

COMMODORE EARL HOWE, R.N.V.R., a direct descendant of the famous Admiral after whom the new battleship has been named, with his son, Lieut. Viscount Curzon, R.N.V.R., who is serving as one of the "Howe's" officers

CAPTAIN C. H. L. WOODHOUSE, C.B., R.N., who is in command of H.M.S. "Howe." He commanded the "Ajax" in the River Plate action, and afterwards he served at the Admiralty until his appointment to the "Howe"

DURING THE VISIT OF THE PRIME MINISTER TO THE HOME FLEET, he inspected some of the naval vessels and the Aircraft-Carrier which played such a significant part in the recent Convoy to Russia: This impressive picture was taken on one of the larger warships as Sir Stafford Cripps (who was in the Prime Minister's party) addressed men from the destroyers which had formed part of the Naval escort to the Convoy

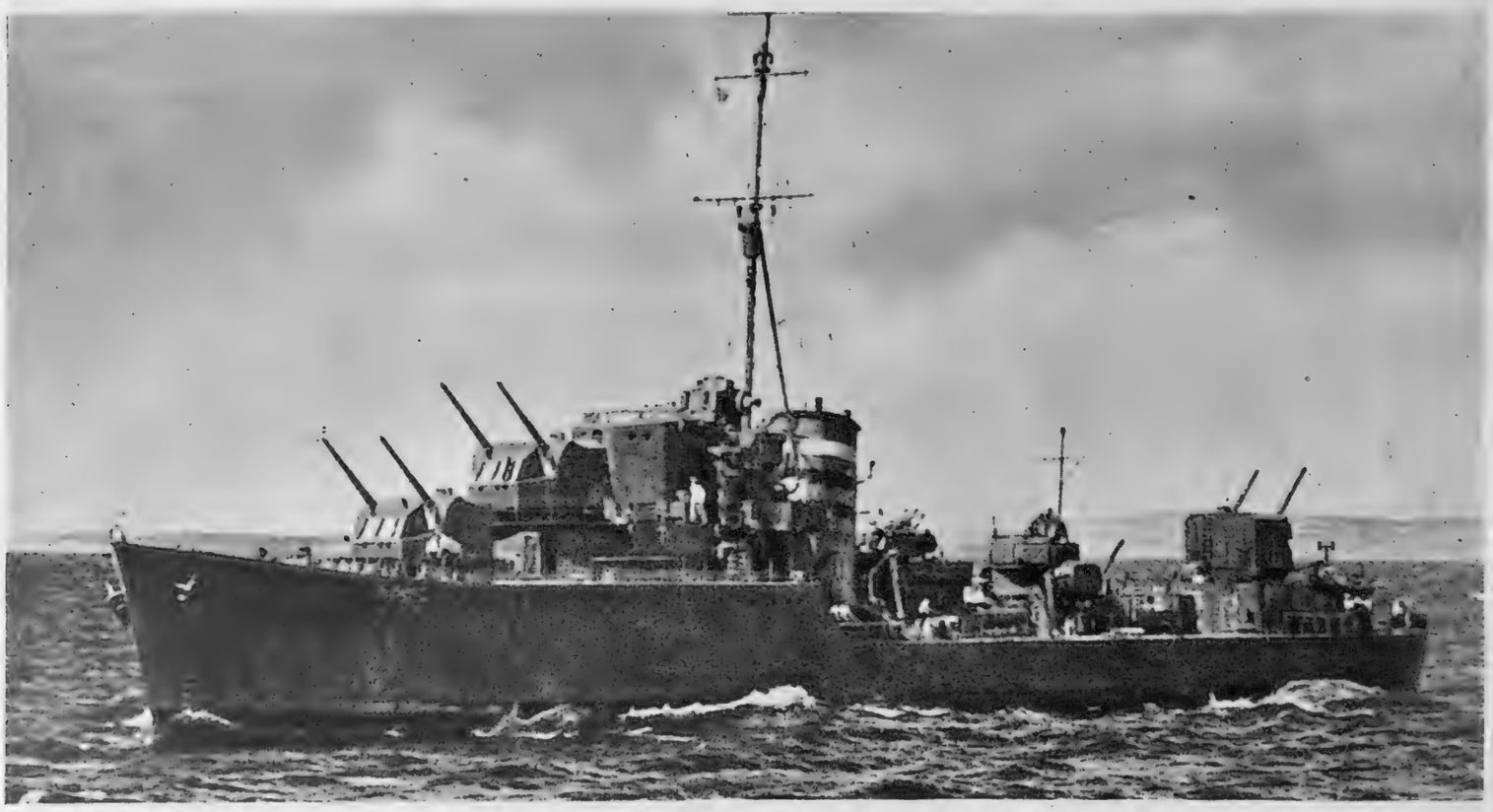


ONE OF THE NEW CAPITAL SHIPS: A PORT-BOW VIEW OF THE 35,000-TON "HOWE" IN HER WARTIME CAMOUFLAGE

The King George V class consists of four battleships, all of which are now known to be in commission with the Royal Navy, following on the recent announcement concerning the *Anson* and *Howe*. The latter is the fourth ship to bear this name. The first was a first-rate battleship of 120 guns, launched in 1815; the second a twelve-gun screw Ship of the Line of the transition period from sail to steam, launched in 1860; the third was a battleship of 10,000 tons, launched in 1885. In that year *Howe* had a sister-ship—the *Anson*: to-day, *Howe* and *Anson* are again sisters! The battleships of 1942, however, are more than three times the size of their predecessors—35,000 tons: they mount ten of the fine modern 14-in. guns, and they have a speed of over 30 knots. A comparison of figures is, however, misleading owing to the great advances in engineering, gunnery and armour during the intervening period. Both *Howe* and *Anson* were laid down in the year 1937 and were launched in November 1939 and in 1940 respectively: both were completed in 1942. It was originally intended to call them *Beatty* and *Jellicoe*, but later it was decided to rename them as at present

Below—SISTER TO THE "HOWE": H.M.S. "ANSON" UNDERGOING TRIALS, WITH THE GUNS OF THE FORWARD TURRET POINTING TO THE SKIES

THE LIGHTNING CLASS—Latest and Biggest of British Destroyers

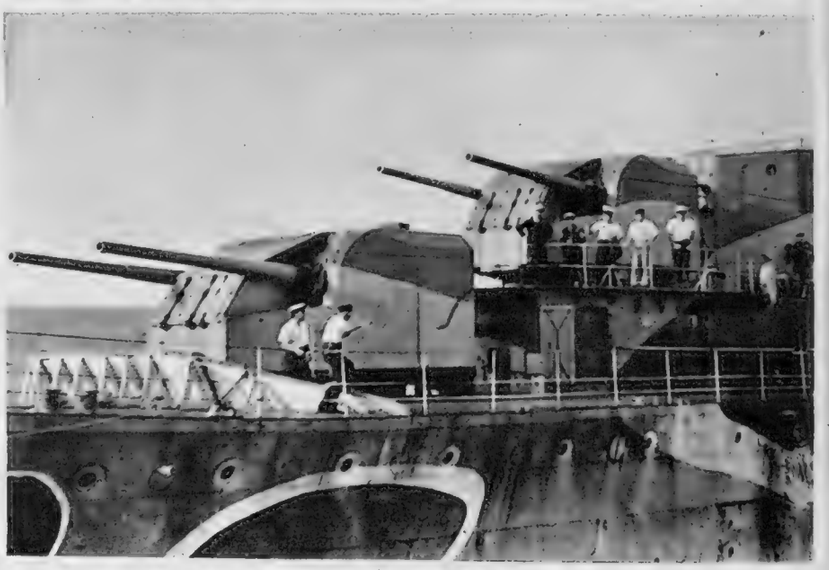


ON THE ALERT IN THE MEDITERRANEAN WHILST ON ESCORT DUTY: H.M.S. "Lightning," of 1,920 tons, which has given her name to the latest class of destroyer in the Royal Navy. Note the turrets in which the guns are mounted and their high angle of elevation

THE 4·7-IN. GUNS ARE NO LONGER EXPOSED ON A MODERN DESTROYER, but mounted within turrets similar to those on a cruiser

The Lightning class of destroyers are Britain's latest and most up-to-date. There are fifteen of them, and the names of all begin either with L or with M. Work on them was begun in the year 1938, and so far as is known eight have already been completed and are serving with the Royal Navy. The Lightnings are of an enlarged Javelin design: the latter proved a particularly serviceable type, equalling the Tribal class in performance and prowess. The displacement of each is 1,920 tons (larger than any other previous type) and the dimensions are 354 ft. in length, 37 ft. in beam and 10 ft. draught. Armament consists of six 4·7-in. and several smaller guns; they also carry eight 21-in. torpedo-tubes. The destroyer's turbines develop 48,000 h.p. and give a speed of 36½ knots. As in other modern types, the guns of the Lightning class are mounted in cruiser-like turrets; and the whole layout forms a marked contrast to the destroyers of a few years ago. As will be seen from the pictures reproduced here, so tight-packed are these efficient vessels that there is little space unoccupied: the complement is in the neighbourhood of 200. Some of the new Lightnings have recently been on escort duty in the Mediterranean

LOOKING TOWARDS THE BRIDGE from the destroyer's stern: Every available inch of space on deck has been taken up by some warlike apparatus; and the whole vessel has been designed with two objects in view—speed and hitting power



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CRUISER-LIKE GUN TURRETS of the Lightning class. These 4·7-in. weapons have been set in two pairs forward of the bridge: another turret is at the stern

THE POM-POM AND ITS CREW JUST AFT OF THE BRIDGE: The Lightnings are all single-funnelled vessels; their bridge and turrets are armour-plated, and the vessels might almost be described as small cruisers. They have recently been proving their worth as convoy escorts in the Mediterranean, where their high-angle guns have been particularly useful during attacks by hostile aircraft

A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION: Officers on the bridge observing the effect of gunfire during a bombardment of enemy positions. H.M.S. "Lightning," leader of her class, was recently reported in action in the Mediterranean, and the above picture was taken on her bridge on that occasion. Her six 4·7-in. guns could wreak considerable damage on the target

C

MOSCOW PREPARES FOR THE COMING OF THE COLD RUSSIAN WINTER AND FOR THE RAIDS: A.R.P. huts are being built on the roof-tops, and pipes and windows are being treated to withstand the bitter weather. The view in this picture is from a lofty building overlooking the river Moskva on the right and the Kremlin walls and palaces on the left—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In Russia, the second winter of the most terrible and bitter war the world has ever known is drawing near. Up in the North the snow will soon be falling, and gradually the cold weather will creep down to Moscow, where preparations are even now being made to meet the inevitable rigours of winter and the possibilities of night bombing by the *Luftwaffe*. Coal in Russia is scarce and poor; many forests have been burnt and devastated, so that timber—always the major part of the country's fuel—will be scarce. Already many of the old wooden houses have been torn down for firewood, and every available source of heating, such as stoves and braziers, is being requisitioned to provide warmth. There is no doubt that the civilian population, inured as they are to privations, will nevertheless have to endure still crueller hardships. Added to this, the approach of winter, with the necessary slowing down of tank and infantry battles, will no doubt bring renewed attacks by the *Luftwaffe* on the capital. Fire-watchers and A.R.P. personnel have been undergoing fresh training: during the coming winter months the older men and women and children will be taking their turns as Fire-guards in order to protect Moscow from devastation by incendiaries. All through the last winter, the youths and girls of Moscow did good service on the city roofs—a difficult task, for Moscow is a conglomeration of old houses, palaces and modern buildings all lying close to each other, and many of the older buildings have been built of wood.

The Russian civic authorities have also been preoccupied with the necessity of protecting the big new water-mains against the severe cold of the Russian winter. In Moscow, in the depth of winter the thermometer often falls to 40 degrees below freezing-point Fahrenheit.

THE FIGHTING ON THE VOLGA IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF STALINGRAD: Russian infantry attacking a big German tank with Molotov cocktails: the track wheels—Achilles heel of the tank—are here seen already on fire—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

In the fighting around Stalingrad (and in the city itself, until the Germans realised that tanks are of little use against a determined foe within enclosed spaces), the great fighting-machines inevitably came into close contact with the defending infantry. But the Russian soldier has never been scared by the iron monsters, and every device for knocking out the tank has been employed during the weeks of continuous and confused fighting along the Volga and in the plains fronting on the city. On occasion, determined bands of Russian soldiers have set out to surround and annihilate both tank and crew: using the deadly Molotov cocktail—now known and employed in many parts of the world, but first invented by the Russians—the Soviet troops have first set fire to the treads, thus immobilising the vehicles, and then dispatched them and their crews with tommy-guns, anti-tank rifles and other weapons

WINTER APPROACHES on the RUSSIAN FRONT

IN THE STREETS OF STALINGRAD TO-DAY: A picture radioed direct from Moscow

In the foreground is a Russian armoured car patrolling the streets of the city, where such intense fighting has been taking place over a period of some weeks. When they found that Stalingrad had no intention of capitulating, the enemy set out systematically to destroy it by fire and by shell. The result is that large areas of this once great and modern town now resemble the square seen above. The dwelling-houses, business premises and up-to-date factories have been burnt out by incendiary where they have not been shattered into rubble by artillery fire. And yet the Russians have held out, fighting in every street and contesting every building—even when the Germans launched, in one assault alone, 100 tanks and three Infantry Divisions in a vain effort to blast a way through the heart of the city in the early days of October

A DEVICE OF THE GERMANS TO CHECK THE ADVANCE OF THE RUSSIANS TO THE NORTH-WEST OF STALINGRAD: Firing the dry grass of the steppe during the Russian counter-offensives towards the River Don—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

At least until a few days ago, the weather along the Russian front has been warm and sunny, despite that the leaves are now turning yellow: this time last year, winter had already come to Russia! The Germans have—as usual—taken advantage of the climatic conditions in their fighting tactics. To the north-west of Stalingrad, for instance, where hardly a drop of rain has fallen for three months, the steppe is parched and dry, so dry that the Germans have set fire to it over several miles to stave off the Russian counter-attacks towards the River Don. These heavy offensives by the Russians have proved very profitable in easing the terrible pressure at Stalingrad itself: they are, in consequence, most distasteful to the Nazis. In the clear autumn skies over the Volga and in the vicinity of the beleaguered city, there has been a ceaseless activity by the *Luftwaffe*, and the Germans have been doing their utmost to smash the supply lines to Stalingrad with all the aircraft at their command, a task in which they have not, at the moment of writing, succeeded

The MARSHES of the QATTARA DEPRESSION

A First Impression of the Great Natural Hollow which Guards the Left Flank of the British Line in Egypt

The Scene at Dusk as Flights of Duck Wheel Over the Marshes and Lakes—Drawing by Edward Osmond

A BRITISH BREN-GUN PATROL ON THE EDGE OF THE ESCARPMENT, LOO[K] . . held in readiness" (according t[o]

The Qattara Depression to the south of the British line in Egypt is once more figuring largely in news from the Middle East. According to the latest propaganda put out by Dr. Goebbels a few days ago, "Axis military circles are satisfied that General Alexander is about to launch an offensive before the rainy period sets in and transforms the Qattara Depression into a vast and insurmountable quagmire." He goes on to declare that German reconnaissance planes have found that in the Depression, as well as behind the southern wing of the Alamein front, "strong Allied motorised columns are being held in readiness." In point of fact, the Depression lies as a large natural obstacle affecting the military

NG DOWN ON THE MARSHY LAKES 400 ft. BELOW SEA-LEVEL, which are a distinctive feature of the Great Depression where "strong Allied motorised columns are being t Goebbels). Great flights of duck constantly wheel over the marshes which stretch away to the south and south-west of El Hemeimat

position of both the enemy and ourselves. Although considered militarily impassable, the 8th Army have taken no chances of a surprise attack in this area, and have maintained a constant watch over it since we adopted our present line. The great natural hollow lies some 400 ft. below sea-level : it extends in a south-westerly direction from El Hemeimat, in the vicinity of which there is a negotiable way down to the floor of the Depression. At several points it is possible to reach the lower levels, but these have to be used with caution, and sometimes only on foot.

The walls are formed of limestone and sandstone, stratified rocks which break off in curious rectangular lumps, and detritus slopes which form below the upper strata of the escarpment. At some places the rock has been eroded into the form of isolated pillars. On the floor of the Depression are numerous marshy lakes, generally surrounded by masses of very high rushes, rather like bullrushes, but without the caps. Large quantities of duck are to be found here, which frequently rise in flights.

These marshy areas naturally provide the more serious obstacles to any infiltrating troops. It would be worth attempting to find a way around the drier, sandy patches which provide pathways through the marshy maze, and which would be safe for a limited force if one knew the way through. Recent local rainfalls, to which more than one Correspondent has referred, have swollen the area of the marshes, and added materially to their danger.

A SPITFIRE LETS FLY WITH SIX MACHINE-GUNS AND TWO CANNON-GUNS AT A GERMAN FOCKE-WULF FIGHTER: The spent bullets come streaming out into the air as the guns fire. In the last war, it was the big guns which used up shells in vast quantities; in this it is the small ammunition (in belts and other forms) which is being expended in the greatest quantity—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

FLOODS OF AMMUNITION

The Vast Expenditure of Small Arms Projectiles, which is a Characteristic Development of Modern Warfare

By G. H. BARBER

ASTRONOMICAL figures have been quoted as to the number of bullets and shells fired per man killed in the last war. In this war, where the automatic weapon has fully come into its own, the figure must be many times greater. Seeing that these weapons range from the big Bofors, which is capable of firing about fifty rounds a minute, each round consisting of a 1½-lb. steel shell plus explosive charge, down to the humble Sten disposing of nearly twelve cartridges a second, the imagination may well boggle at the floods of ammunition which must be pouring out of Allied arsenals. Vickers, Hotchkiss and Lewis were about the only automatic weapons known to us in the last war; now in our own armed forces alone we have the Bofors, both 20- and 40-mm. calibre, the Hispano 20-mm., the Besa, Sten, Savage, Oërlikon, Browning, Thompson and Bren, while the Vickers, Hotchkiss and Lewis are still with us. And if one wants to dazzle the imagination still more, remember the modern A.-A. practice of using these guns, not singly but in multiple mountings. A quadruple Lewis mounting has a theoretical fire-power of 2,400 rounds a minute (costing nearly £14); the Oërlikon 20-mm. pom-pom is now frequently seen in our latest ships in multiple mountings, giving a theoretical maximum of 4,800 rounds a minute (costing at least £50). Exactly what tonnage of ammunition was fired, one wonders, during the four days' air attack which marked the passage of the last Russian convoy?

It is quite obvious, of course, that the guns are never fired at their maximum rate for a period as long as 60 seconds at a time; the magazine capacity alone will not permit it. The Lewis magazine, for example, holds only 47 shots, which would last less than 5 seconds at the maximum rate; the Thompson drum magazine holds 50 rounds, and the Sten 31-32, or enough for less than 3 seconds' fire.

The ammunition for the larger pom-poms, such as the Oërlikons and the 2-pounder 40-mm. guns, is fed in clipped together in belts of about twenty shells, again insufficient for more than a few seconds' continuous firing. It is a main point of the gunner's training *not* to fire in such a wasteful manner, but in short bursts, observing and correcting his aim in between. Probably in nothing else does the morale of well-trained men show itself more conspicuously than in the way they hold their fire until the target is well within range, and then dispose of it in a brief burst or two. Aboard ship, the difficulty is less great, because of the fairly ample space available for shell stowage. But with modern mobile armies the problem of ammunition conservation in the field is extremely acute. Captured leaflets have shown us how seriously the Nazis take the matter. "The man who fires when there is no real target at all, or just to keep his spirits up, is no more than a coward, unworthy of the name of soldier," said one leaflet found on a parachutist in Crete. The difficulty such forces found in bringing reasonable supplies of ammunition for their automatic arms with them was soon exploited by our troops. The parachutists were provoked to continuous fire as long as possible, and it was often possible to make a bayonet charge against them inside half an hour, their ammunition supplies being by this time almost exhausted. Although the R.A.F. also uses machine-guns and cannon

QUANTITIES OF SPENT AMMUNITION FROM A ·5 GUN after a few bursts of fire on board a British battleship

HOW CLIPS OF FOUR SHELLS EACH are loaded into a Bofors anti-aircraft gun on a merchantman

***On right*—THE FIELD OF VISION AS BETWEEN FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS COMPARED—**
Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood

Various types of aircraft have different fields of vision, according to the nature of the duties they are called upon to perform. In a big bomber the pilot is helped by members of his crew, one of whom uses the astro-hatch and has a clear view all round the horizon. The fighter pilot, on the other hand, has a restricted field of vision forward and downward: he is helped, however, by a small magnifying mirror placed just above the cockpit, by means of which he gains a restricted back view sufficient to observe an enemy plane on his tail

in installations of four and eight, one important difference should be noted. All a fighter's guns are fixed so as to give a cone of fire converging virtually to a point at a given distance ahead of the machine. This is necessary for two reasons: firstly because the pilot aims his aircraft as a whole and not the individual guns; and secondly because it is often necessary to fire when the plane is banked at a considerable angle, and if the guns were aimed straight ahead, only one or two would be bearing on the target.

In naval multiple mountings, however, a cone of fire is just what is not wanted, since the ship's powers of manœuvre are so much less than that of the attacking plane. The guns are sighted to give a box-barrage effect, which nullifies any evasive action taken by the pilot.

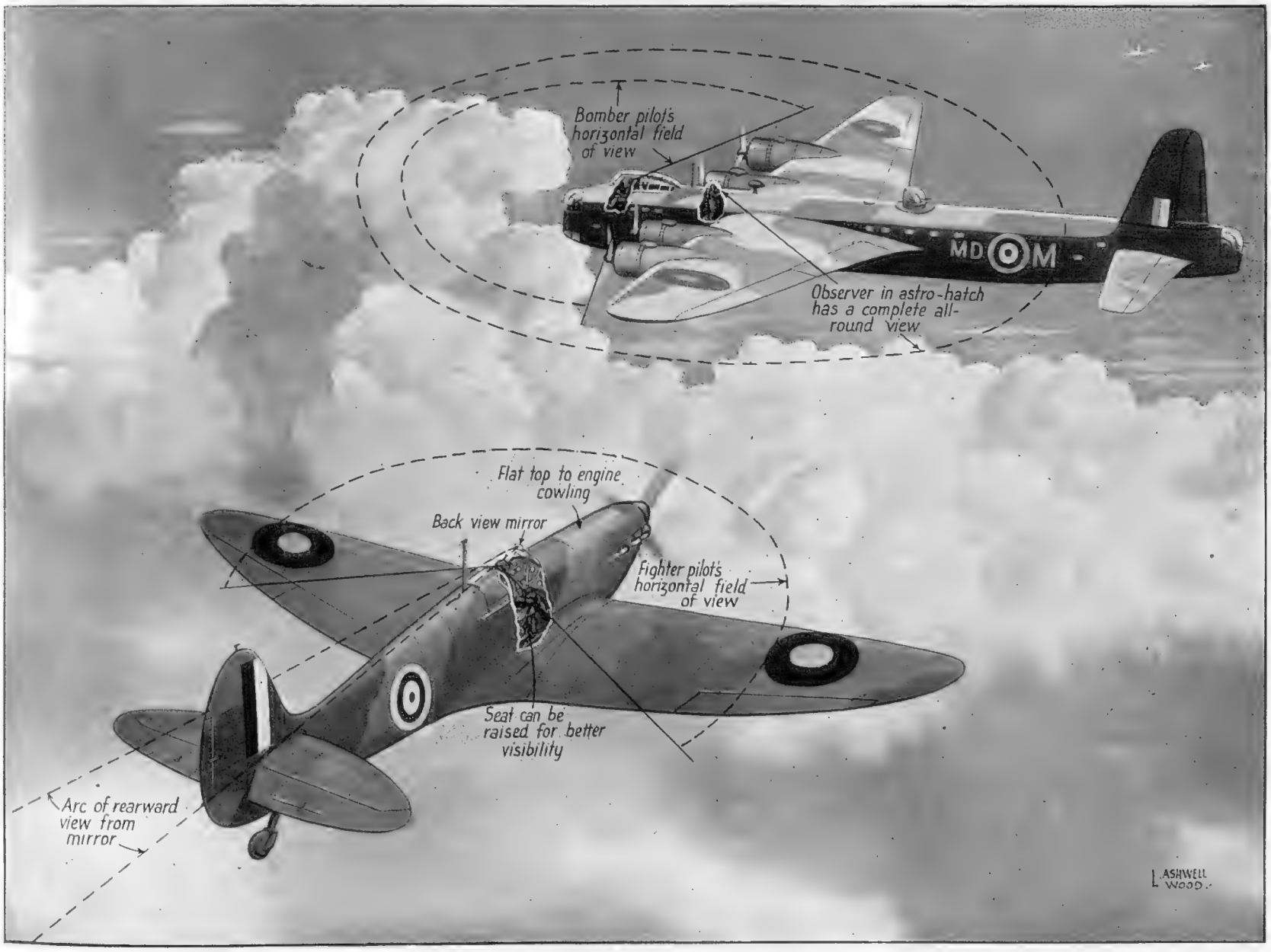
A W.A.A.F. ARMOURER ready with belts of bullets to rearm a fighter aircraft as soon as it lands

As far as the Navy is concerned, the automatic small-calibre gun is a development forced by the menace of the bomber, torpedo plane and motor-torpedo-boat. Such guns can play no part in classic encounters between big ships. For the Army, on the other hand, they are the rational development of war in a mechanised age. One automatic rifle, with a crew of two at the most, has a fire-power of at least fifty ordinary riflemen. To a very great extent, these weapons have fostered an entirely new conception of war. In the last war, "artillery preparation" was the thing. Tens of thousands of shells, from guns massed literally wheel to wheel over a broad stretch of front, would be used in an attempt to crush resistance before an attack. In July, 1917, on the Passchendaele front, 3,091 guns were used—or one gun to every six yards of battle-front. During one bombardment alone, no fewer than 4,250,000 shells were fired! Often the only tangible result was the pounding of the battle-field into a quagmire, over which even a man could hardly pass. No such barrages have been used in this war so far, and they are never likely to be used.

FOR THE GUN-TURRETS OF BRITISH BOMBERS: Checking cartridges for flaws and filling up belts at a bomber station of the R.A.F.

It is in the R.A.F., however, that we see automatic weapons used to give the greatest fire-power per man. The original eight-gun Spitfire and Hurricanes had a rate of fire equal to 8,800 rounds a minute, giving a weight of fire of 200 lb. a minute. The present Spitfire V. has a rate of 4,400 machine-gun rounds, and 1,200 cannon rounds a minute, giving a weight of fire of 410 lb. a minute. The all-cannon Hurricane is even higher, at 600 lb per minute. Even better are the two-seater fighters such as the Beaufighter, which has a rate of 6,600 machine-gun bullets, and 2,400 cannon shells per minute. Even though these figures can only be maintained for a few seconds (the wing cannons have a magazine capacity at the most of only 60 rounds per gun), they are absolutely devastating while they last, and are well ahead of the comparable German figures.

At the same time, no one can view with equanimity the terrific consumption of material represented by the ammunition demands of these modern guns. The brass and nickel consumption for the bullets must transcend all experience. Already some of the larger guns are being given steel shell-cases instead of the familiar brass, and it will not be surprising if this practice is extended to the small automatic guns before the war is over.



A PROSPECT OF THE CITY OF LONDON, showing the great Cathedral of St. Paul's in an open space, with the new and impressive Western Approach. The Deanery and Chapter House are included in the scheme: much of the demolition involved has already been carried out in this district—by the *Luftwaffe*! Ludgate Hill and Ludgate Circus as we knew them before the war have disappeared from this drawing

The LONDON of the FUTURE

What the Royal Academy Have Planned for the City After the War

Shown in a Series of Drawings Now On Exhibition at Burlington House

TOWARDS the end of last week, an Exhibition opened at Burlington House in London which will probably have a considerable effect on post-war plans for the development of the City. This Exhibition (which will remain open to the public until November 28) consists of plans made by members of the Royal Academy Planning Committee to show the architectural redevelopment of London when the war comes to an end. Many of the drawings exhibited are reproduced on this and the following pages.

The Committee was formed in January 1940: it began by dealing with the traffic requirements of London, and was primarily concerned with the architectural aspects of the new routes and of the adjacent sites affected by them. But as its work proceeded, the destruction caused by air raids presented additional opportunities in the form of vacant sites and larger areas where obsolete or decaying property obviously calls for rebuilding.

The Committee, in consequence, were able to summarise their principal proposals under the following heads:—(1) A Ring Road connecting all main line terminal stations, some of which are moved to new positions. (2) A new circular electric railway underground, connecting all terminal stations. (3) Within the circle of the Ring Road all railway lines electrified and underground. (4) The canals treated as amenities as well as means of transport. (5) Parks and open spaces provided for the East and South sides of London on the same scale as for the West End. (6) The river frontages developed with embankments and gardens from Putney to Tower Bridge. (7) The Markets moved from the central positions they now occupy to positions on the Ring Road, as may be found convenient. (8) Pedestrians given opportunities of gathering in relative safely and quiet in squares closed to wheeled traffic. (9) Some small streets paved over as shopping centres for pedestrians, free from road traffic. (10) Access to public buildings planned to give the maximum dignity and convenience in the means of approach. (11) Relief roads provided to supplement the main traffic routes. (12) Better building sites on important road frontages, and the opening of street vistas.

As was clearly outlined in an authoritative article on the subject in *The Times*, the first of these points, the Ring Road, which forms the subject of several maps and plans, is that which controls the whole. Of the terminus stations connected by this road, Victoria, Paddington and Marylebone remain on their present sites. The rest have, for the most part, been moved farther out to sites adjoining existing goods yards. Waterloo will be at Nine Elms, London Bridge at Bricklayer's Arms, Fenchurch Street by its own goods station near the meeting of Whitechapel High Street and Commercial Road, Liverpool Street will be moved to Bishopsgate, and the new Euston will be a combination of Euston, King's Cross, and St. Pancras.

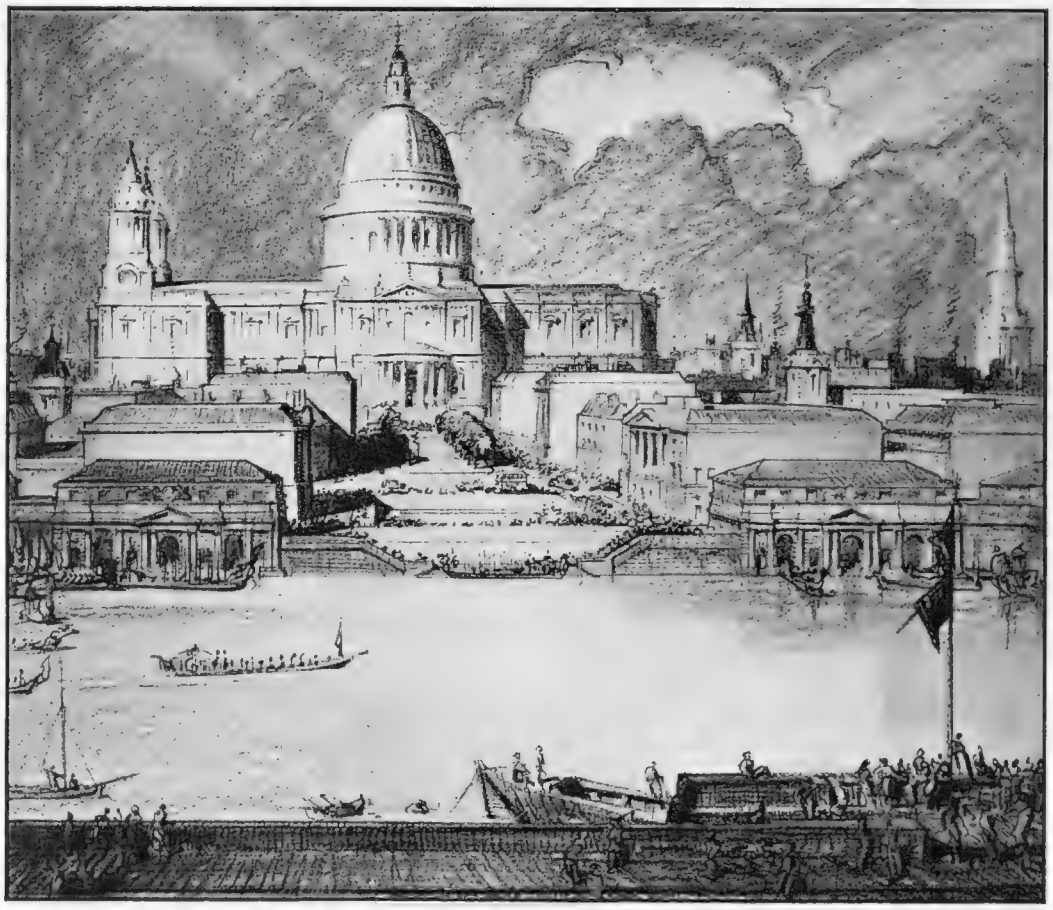
Plans for the detailed development of a number of specially important localities are included in the exhibition. One of these shows how, from a roundabout in Victoria Street, traffic might be distributed by two new roads direct to Westminster and Lambeth bridges and away from Millbank, thus creating an area of comparative quiet round Westminster Abbey—a sanctuary area, as it were, round London's most precious shrine. The Trafalgar Square area is also the subject of a special plan, with the square enlarged towards Whitehall, so as to bring the Admiralty Arch into the architectural whole, and a roundabout in the Strand feeding traffic north and south by a reconstructed Charing Cross Road and a new Charing Cross Bridge (the only new or re built bridge in the scheme).

Piccadilly Circus is reconstructed as a rectangle with a building looking down the Haymarket and balancing the insurance building which looks down Lower Regent Street; and between these two lies an arcaded open space in which the London flower-girl may continue to sell her "varlets, lovely varlets," and people may stroll at their leisure. Covent Garden is laid out as a musical and dramatic centre, with Drury Lane Theatre incorporated in it and a new opera house, concert hall, and so forth.

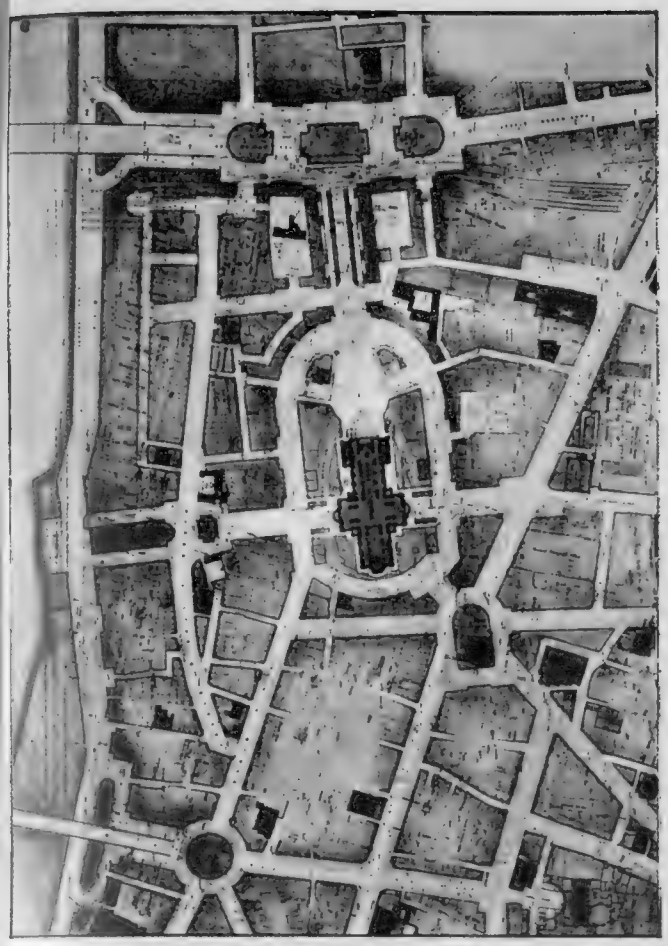
Other plans relate to a processional way from Victoria to Buckingham Palace; to Tower Hill; to a redesigned Hyde Park Corner with Park Lane coming (for traffic reasons) down between Apsley House and 145, Piccadilly; to the museum area at South Kensington, with the National Theatre standing in a square facing the main entrance of the Victoria and Albert Museum; and to the British Museum, which is to be seen (with the church of St. George, Bloomsbury, built by Hawksmoor) along a vista leading northwards from Holborn.

Perhaps, however, the greatest interest of all attaches to the suggestions for the treatment of the area round St. Paul's. Here, according to the plan most favoured by the committee, Ludgate Hill will be done away with as a thoroughfare, but the Cathedral will be approached from the west by a road directly prolonging the main axis of the building (i.e., not forming an angle to it as Ludgate Hill does). Round the Cathedral will be an open space, green save for a large flagged area in front of the main entrance, where crowds congregate on New Year's Eve and other occasions, and in this green space will stand the old Deanery and Chapter House and three small new buildings needed by the Cathedral. Broad roads will lead away to the north-east and south-east.

An alternative plan, however, retains Ludgate Hill and shapes the open space surrounding the Cathedral not (as in the former plan) on the line of Paternoster Row, but on that of Carter Lane. In both plans an avenue leads up from the river to the Cathedral, giving a magnificent view of the building with steps, lined by trees, leading up to it. What buildings are put on the actual river front,



ST. PAUL'S AS IT WILL BE SEEN FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE THAMES, with a new Avenue which it is proposed to open up from the river. If this plan is adopted, the great Cathedral will be seen for the first time in all its architectural glory

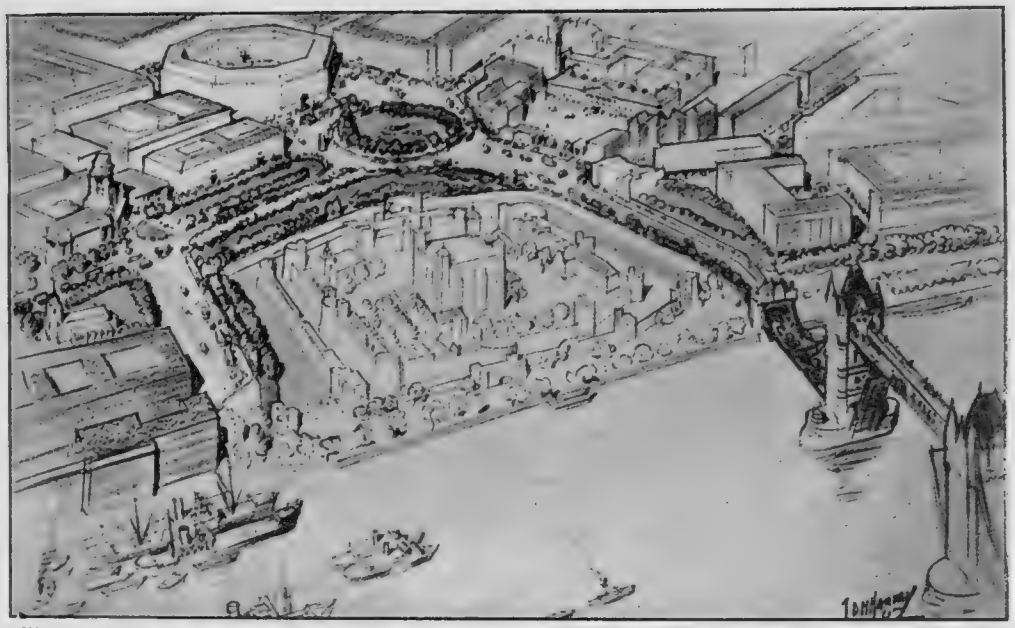


ST. PAUL'S AS THE CENTRAL SPOT IN A NEW CITY OF LONDON LAY-OUT, showing the manner in which new Avenues and thoroughfares might be built on the site of the old streets—many of which are now in ruins as a result of the bombing of London by the *Luftwaffe*

both here and in other places, depends on whether or not the Thames barrage scheme, which would eliminate the movement of tides, is adopted.

The Committee have declared that their plans are still in a tentative and provisional stage: they are continually under review, and are subject to amendment at various points. They are put forward more with the idea of stimulating the imagination of those who will be responsible for the work of reconstruction than of laying down any fixed or rigid solution.

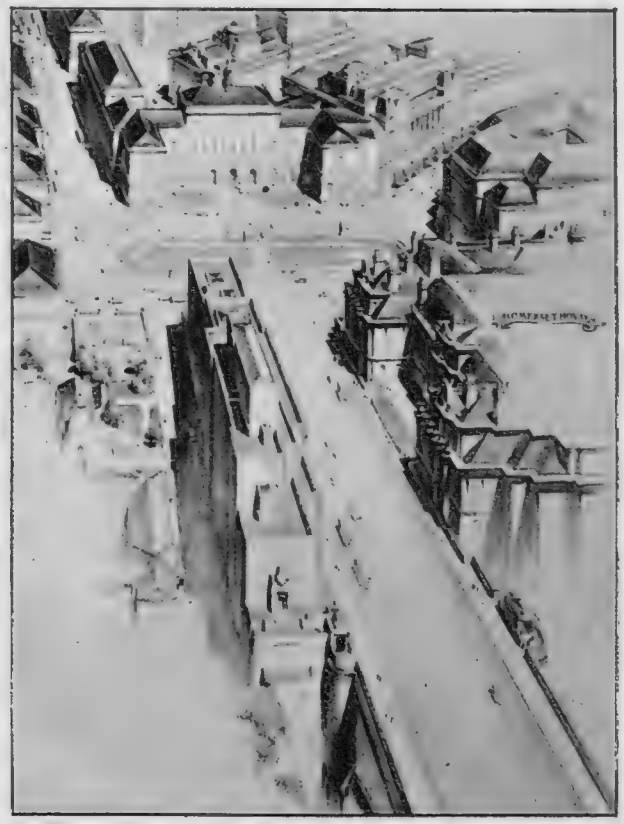
They have not concerned themselves with the design of buildings themselves, the plans having been prepared more to show the lay-out and grouping, but they feel that the present



THE TOWER BRIDGE AREA, with a green belt developed around the precincts of the Tower, to enhance the dignity of the old grey walls and battlements. It is suggested that the Bridge itself needs reconstruction, owing to the daily hold-up of traffic at this spot

THE BRITISH MUSEUM EXPOSED TO THE PUBLIC GAZE: In the foreground is St. George's Church, built by Nicholas Hawksmoor in the year 1724. By this clearance of unimportant buildings, the whole of the dignified façade of Museum and Church would be opened up, with a great open space in front of them

COVENT GARDEN MARKET AS A CENTRE FOR MUSIC AND DRAMA, with theatres and open spaces surrounding the reconstructed Opera House, and the Piazza of St. Paul's Church completing the scheme behind. The Market itself, it is suggested, should be removed to London's new Ring Road



THE NORTH END OF THE NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE, showing the junction with the Strand and Aldwych and the new open space which might be built between Wellington Street and the Gaiety Theatre

system of allowing each small property to adopt a design for itself has given our streets a chaotic and untidy appearance and made it impossible for a dignified and stately character to be achieved.

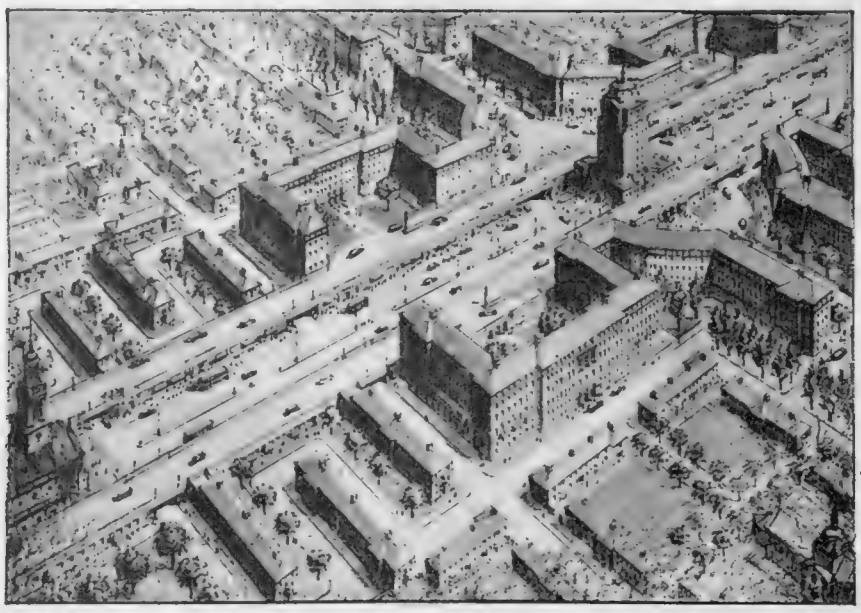
In London the enterprise of many of her citizens necessitates a continuous process of rebuilding. The object of planning is to produce a consistent scheme in the interest of the community as a whole, so that the form and aspect of the City may be progressively improved. The widespread damage done by air raids will greatly accelerate the process of rebuilding; and it is therefore all the more urgent that well-considered plans should be in readiness for the time when operations can begin. While the plans of the Committee are designed to cover many years, they also provide suitable methods of meeting the immediate needs of post-war reconstruction.

Many students of municipal development strongly hold that our cities and towns should no longer be regarded as oppressive congestions of business, with some sprinkling of study,

(Continued on following page)

THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE RIVER, AS SEEN FROM ABOVE WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: To this part of London the Royal Academy Planning Committee have paid great attention. Embankments and gardens are carried along both sides of the Thames; broad boulevards take the place of the present traffic-congested streets; and open spaces allowing wide vistas are envisaged. This scheme would enhance the beauty of the capital enormously

A SUGGESTION FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE EMBANKMENT ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE THAMES: The architecture of this side has always been inferior to that of the north. By careful planning and by a unification of the design of future buildings, it should be possible to achieve an effect like the above, combining the architectural features of existing buildings with those of the buildings still to go up



The London of the Future

(*Continued*)

ceremonial and entertainment, from which the good domestic life is hopelessly estranged; and that it would be well to revive and pursue more thoroughly the ideals of those who laid out our urban parks and squares and terraces, so that the disgraces of deformity and squalor may he banished from our main business centres. The Committee's plans go far to show how architecture, the most social of the arts, may be of major service in achieving this reform.

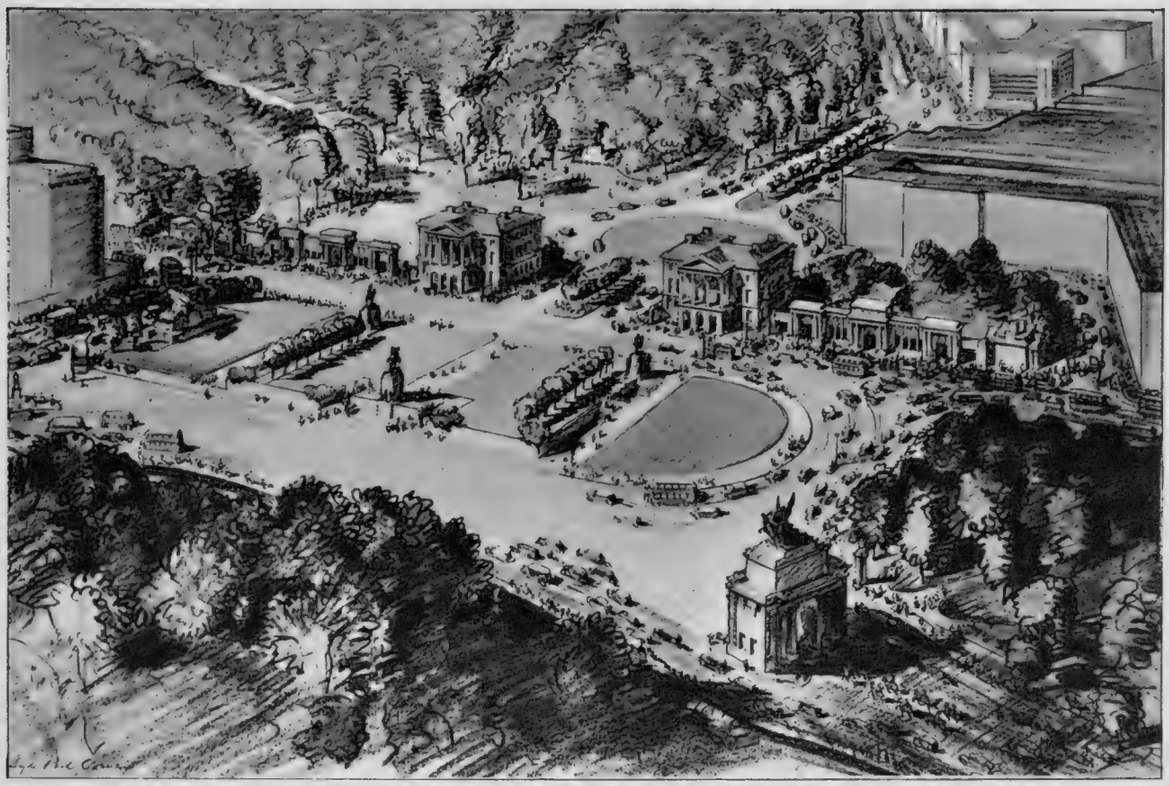
Before any plans are put into execution, consideration must be given to the prescription of building lines and the design of street junctions, roundabouts and vistas. The increase in the volume and speed of traffic urgently requires the widening of streets, the improvement of the street pattern, and the opening of new routes. The shape of the buildings that front the streets gives visible form to the pattern, and the one must be designed in relation to the other. This three-dimension planning is of particular importance at road junctions, as not only is it there that buildings are most prominent, but also safe and easy movement is greatly facilitated if the shape and arrangement of the space and the surrounding buildings are planned as a unit. Such essential matters as scale and skyline, ordered siting, alignment of streets and balanced frontages must not be left to mere chance or the choice of individuals.

To take an obvious defect, the skyline of London, from lack of

On left—HOUSES AND OFFICE BUILDINGS ON THE SOUTH SIDE, showing the new Ring Road along which fast and slow traffic have been separated. Note the manner in which air and light are permitted to circulate freely amongst the new big blocks of residential buildings

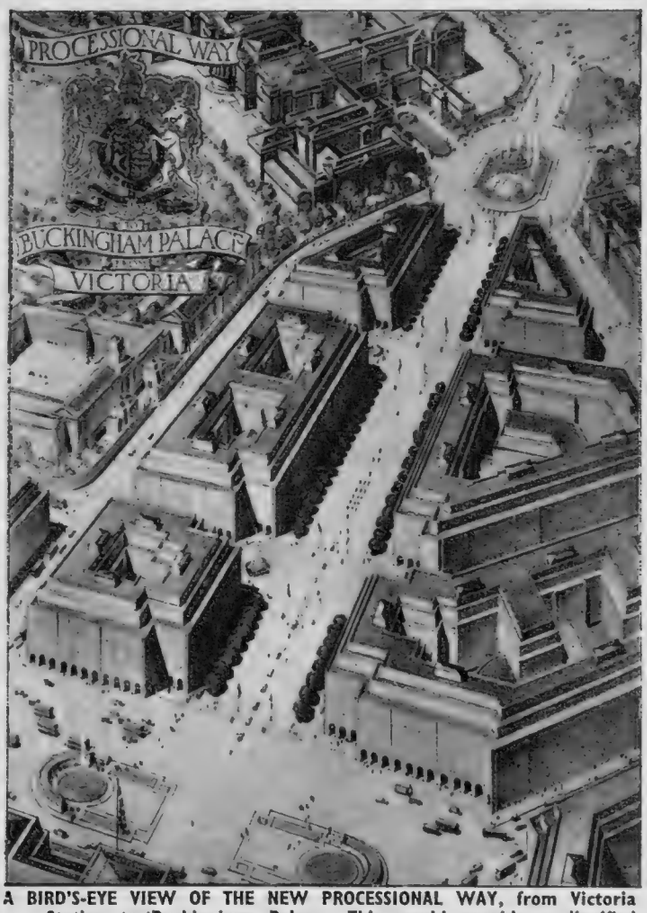
architectural control, is at many points chaotic and unworthy. All sorts of excrescences for tanks, lift machinery and other necessaries appear to have been added after the designs were made. Such additions should be placed within the roofs, or the regulation of height should be adjusted to allow the raising of outer walls in order to conceal them; and pipes and safety staircases usually obtruding outside should be arranged within the building. Back and side elevations should be no less carefully considered than street fronts. The distant as well as the near view ought always to be taken into account, with special regard for the aspect from the river and parks.

The design of buildings facing squares, and such spaces as roundabouts at street junctions, should be controlled and unified. This principle can be extended to larger areas, as was successfully done in the past on certain big estates. The materials used should conform to a general harmony in each district. External painting might also be unified by local arrangement. Street signs and furnishings of all kinds, advertisements and lettering on buildings are becoming ever more numerous and diverse in character: they should be controlled by the planning authority.

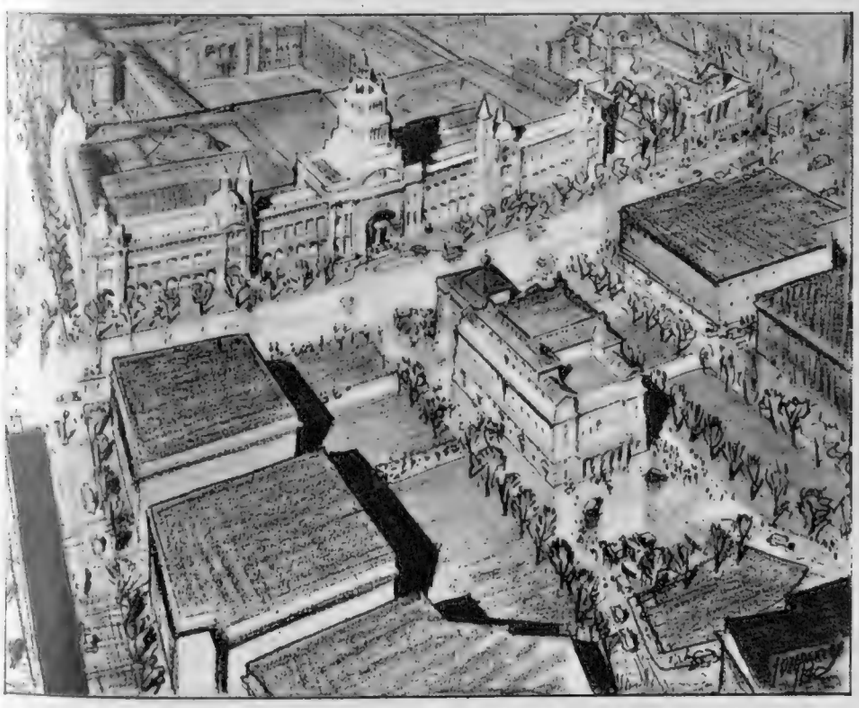


A REVOLUTIONARY SCHEME FOR HYDE PARK CORNER: The old archway has been swept away: in its place is a newly-designed entrance to the Park, which has involved the abolition of the grim-looking building owned by the Duke of Wellington. The Quadriga, too, takes a place in the new scheme; and St. George's Hospital has completely disappeared. Note the easy flow of traffic at this, London's most congested traffic spot

PICCADILLY CIRCUS, ENLARGED TO THE LINE OF THE HAYMARKET: Eros still stands in the centre, but an open space has been erected on the north side by closing the end of Shaftesbury Avenue and by setting back some of the buildings



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NEW PROCESSIONAL WAY, from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace. This would provide a dignified passage for visiting royalties and statesmen on their way to the King: it would also present a wonderful first view of London to visitors coming from the Continent and arriving at the present dingy terminal station



On left—**THE SITE OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON, opposite the Victoria and Albert Museum. This district is, at present, in a very undeveloped state. Here the various buildings have been unified in design and linked together to form a coherent architectural whole**

ANYWHERE FOR A BED

The Housing Situation in London is Becoming Acute, and Accommodation for the Many Thousands Who Want It a Difficulty

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT is safe to say that London is more overpopulated per square foot of accommodation than ever before. The reasons are obvious. First of all, the "blitz" has destroyed so many private houses, hotels, clubs and blocks of flats; secondly, the exiled Governments of Europe have had to find themselves accommodation for many more people than their usual Embassy staffs; thirdly, the war compels all existing Ministries to be multiplied many dozens of times, and has demanded the creation of yet other Ministries. And, with the diminution in trains, the rationing of petrol, and the incidence of the black-out, still more members of the clerical staffs of the Ministries have to live in London. The cessation of the Green Line network is also causing many people in the last few days to find that transport problems are so great that they, too, will have to come and live in London.

The American invasion of London is another strain on the resources of London's flats, houses and hotels, even clubs. Chelsea might well be called Greenwich Village, and Kensington deserves the name of Brooklyn or the Bronx.

The commandeering of all the most modern blocks of flats—those most likely to resist blast from heavy bombs—began nearly two years ago. Indeed, a special Whitehall Department had to be instituted just to carry out this requisitioning. Flat dwellers who had long leases were turned out at a few days' notice—usually with alternative accommodation of an inferior kind. What is more, their furnishings and fittings did not fit their new surroundings.

To-day, London has become the Mecca of all Allied troops and many British troops when they come on leave. Hotels are crowded out. For the first time for several years all eight floors of the Savoy Hotel and Savoy Court are open and crammed with guests.

During the "blitz," the hotels were half empty. Nobody wished to sleep on the top floors, although these in peacetime were the most highly priced because they give the best view. I know of people who were gladly accepted by de luxe hotels for three guineas a week as tenants of luxurious furnished apartments which would have cost more than that per day in peacetime. That is equally true of the great blocks of flats. Insurance companies and other big financial syndicates, which sponsored various blocks of luxury flats, allowed people to take flats for quite lengthy periods at less than a quarter of the peacetime rental. Equally, owners of flats who wished to get away from the *Luftwaffe* sub-let their flats for nominal sums to people who were ready to stick it out. Altogether, the see-saw price of flats over the past two years makes one giddy.

In the meantime, boarding houses are flourishing like the green bay trees which so often stand in tubs outside their front door. Five guineas a week for a bed-sitting-room and breakfast is by no means uncommon in the West End. For people have to have somewhere to go.

A Guards officer now attached to the Commandos has just been telling me how he had a week's leave in London. Two of his clubs had both been "blitzed" and, in the third, every bedroom was booked for weeks ahead. He tried twenty-three hotels, and finally found haven in a Turkish Bath establishment, where he slept each night.

The wife of another officer in the Commandos told me that she and her husband tried nineteen hotels when they came on leave recently, without success. She solved their problem by suddenly remembering an uncle and aunt whom she had not seen for twelve years, and who lived at Thornton Heath.

"Anywhere for a bed" is rapidly becoming the rule of the day, or, rather, night. What a difference from the period when I last wrote about "London's Flat Problem" in THE SPHERE! That was six years ago. "People," I wrote, "are demanding more and more for their money. Anybody who spends over a hundred a year on his flat now insists on his own refrigeration. At Dorset House they put in stainless steel sinks, electric clocks, air-conditioning, fitted cupboards, and a wheeled trolley to run from the kitchen to the dining-room. They even installed shower-rooms with free bathing caps! In view of the new type of modern building, special screened aerials were also installed to ensure perfect reception of radio programmes. Another new idea, which will no doubt be copied in all future blocks of flats, is a special floor for maids' rooms, as well as individual rooms in the same building, but not in the same flat, for visiting relatives. This seems particularly ingenious, and likely to suit a very keen demand. There is also a garage in the basement for 200 cars, with specially reduced terms to tenants. . . ." Again: "What surprises me personally is that there is a positive dearth of £2,000-a-year flats. You might have thought that people with that amount of money to spend on rent would prefer to have their own roof over their heads as opposed to leading a semi-communal existence in a large block of flats. Nevertheless, though there are at least a hundred of these super-luxury apartments, there is a bigger demand than supply.

".Soon, of course, squash courts will become as automatic in the new buildings as lifts are already."

Yes, to-day it is a question of "anywhere for a bed." Over 60 per cent. of the better-class flats in London have been requisitioned. Another 10 per cent. have been "blitzed." Flats which cost a hundred a year in peacetime are unobtainable at two hundred and fifty a year. Two-hundred-and-fifty-a-year flats are almost unobtainable at three hundred and fifty a year. It is only when you reach the four-hundred-and-fifty-a-year flats that the prospective tenant has a 40 per cent. chance of finding something to suit him. At the seven-hundred-and-fifty-a-year stage (which is £15 a week) the search becomes comparatively simple.

The truth of the matter is that many hundreds of well-to-do people fled from London in September 1940 and bought houses on a rapidly rising market in the country. Being of a type to which the countryside has few attractions compared with London, they have started to seep back—now that the "blitzes" on London have temporarily ceased. Indeed, they feel that they are probably safer under the balloon barrages than they are in country districts, where enemy bombers may crash in flames or drop scattered bombs. Being now stuck with the high cost of country houses bought outright in a moment of funk, these people are no longer able to maintain a large domicile in London.

There is, of course, the further problem of domestic servants. Unless there are special reasons for it, it is almost impossible for a householder to have more than three full-time servants. This has automatically knocked the bottom out of the market in houses—a market which had already been badly hit by the decision to remove railings from private gardens and squares, together with the erection of ugly, however useful, air-raid shelters in the aforesaid squares and gardens. (There has been much correspondence in *The Times* about the hideous litter which defaces various West End squares and thus lessens the "amenities" of the houses in those gardens and squares.)

If by any chance a copy of this issue of THE SPHERE reaches Goebbels or Hitler by way of Lisbon, I would like to point out that enquiries from hotels and the owners of flat-properties prove that people are no longer scared of the *Luftwaffe*. That is to say, the premium on ground-floor flats no longer exists. And there is at least as much demand for a flat on the eighth storey as there was in peacetime. This is in spite of the various warnings about the new type of explosive incendiary, and the possibility that the German bombers, when they return to the attack, will carry four-thousand-pounders.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NOS. 1, 3, 5 AND 7, BROAD PLACE, BRISTOL, brick and stucco houses of the Regency period

NOS. 38, 41 AND 43, OLD MARKET STREET, BRISTOL, unharmed by enemy action and scheduled for preservation

NOS. 39 AND 41, ST. MICHAEL'S HILL, BRISTOL, eighteenth-century houses. The three sets of houses shown in these views have all escaped damage, despite the heavy bombing of Bristol by the *Luftwaffe*. All have now been scheduled by the Council for the Preservation of Ancient Bristol: and will thus remain for all time as a reminder of the great days of the port and city of Bristol

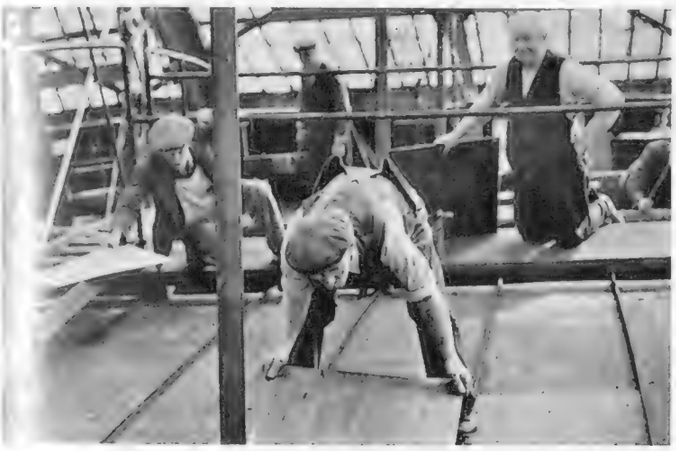
ANOTHER PORTION OF HADRIAN'S WALL becomes an acquisition of the National Trust

The purchase of Hotbank Farm, with a further 2¾ miles of Hadrian's Wall, has just been announced by the National Trust. This picture was taken near the Farm; the view looks along the Wall towards Homesteads, which is already National Trust property and which adjoins the Farm. On the left is Broomleigh Lough. The new acquisition covers over 900 acres and carries rights over a further area

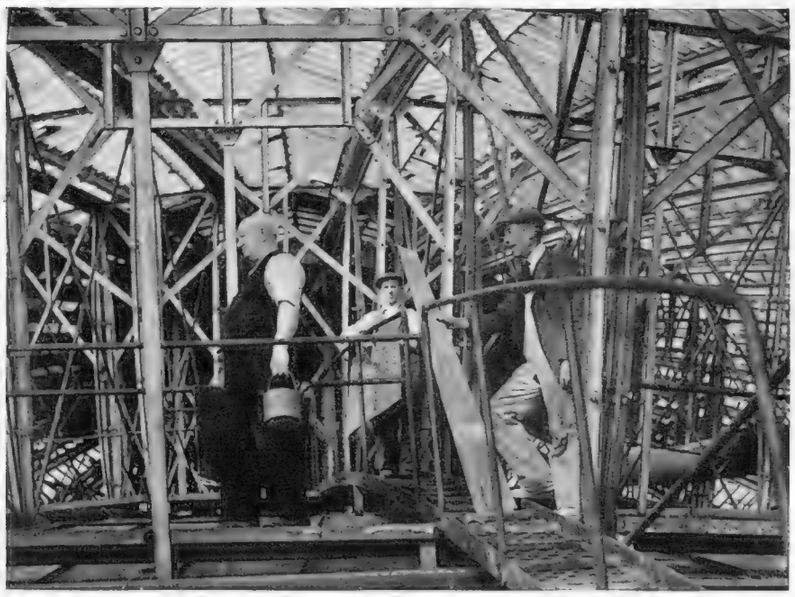
NEWS ITEMS FROM THE HOME FRONT

THE MINISTRY OF WORKS PREVENTS FURTHER DEMOLITION OF LONDON'S ROMAN WALL : Steps to prevent further damage to the remains of London's Roman Wall at Cripplegate are now being taken. During the demolition following a severe "blitz," additional bastions were brought to light which now enable the line to be traced in a manner not known for hundreds of years. Here workmen are seen on the site between Wells and Monkwell Streets engaged on the task of preventing further damage. In the background is the church of St. Giles

A LONDON SIGHT IN THE AUTUMN SEASON, when the starlings return : Each autumn flocks of starlings invade the City, to circle in the twilight round St. Paul's, Nelson's Column, and other remembered spots. Their wheeling flight and incessant twittering are quite a feature of London at this change-over of the seasons



DAMAGE TO THE ROOF OF THE ALBERT HALL—Men at work under the glass dome : This damage was caused through anti-aircraft fire, and is worse than was at first thought. Daylight shows through the rafters almost above the orchestra. Heavy mouldings fell in the balcony and then bounced into the seats where the orchestra normally sit. Workmen are now going ahead with the repairs, and the Manager hopes to have the hall reopened to the public very shortly

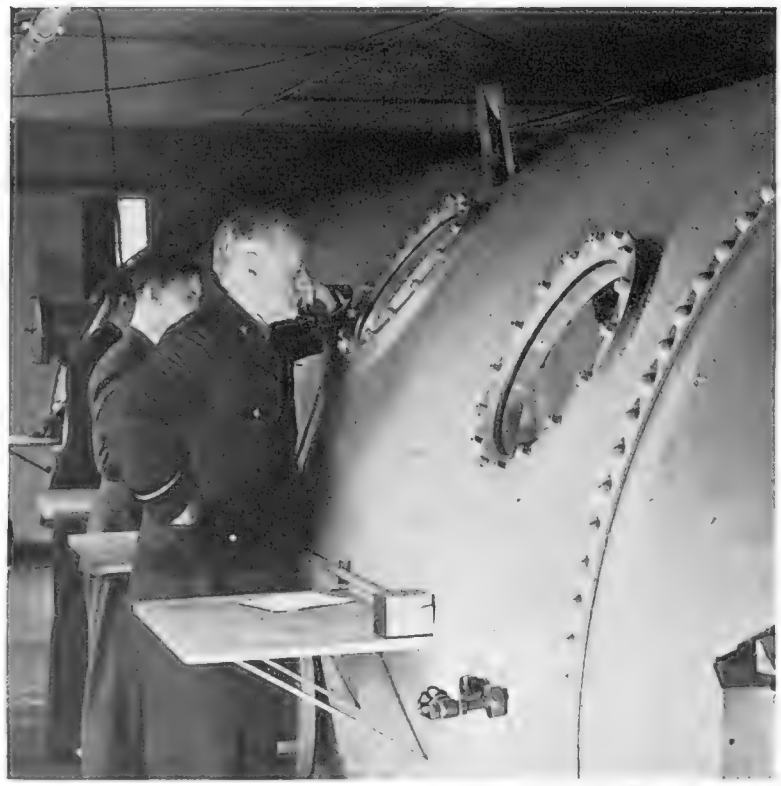


THE MASS OF STEEL GIRDERING WHICH SUPPORTS THE GLASS ROOF OF THE ALBERT HALL ; showing the men who are now engaged on the work of repair

DAGENHAM'S FIRST WOMAN MAYOR and her tricycle : Mrs. Lilian F. Evans, who will become Mayor of Dagenham on November 9, will be the first woman to occupy the Mayoral seat, the first W.V.S. chief to become Mayor, and the first woman Mayor to ride a tricycle ! The latter is used by her to take tea to bombed people in her district and is a gift of the British War Relief Association of Northern California. When she becomes Mayor, Mrs. Evans is still going to use her tricycle

THE HELP-YOURSELF GROCERY STORE AT ROMFORD : This is now drawing between 1,100 and 1,500 customers a week. The aim is to relieve congestion on the main department caused by the "points" system. Goods are placed within easy reach of shoppers in a corridor with an entrance at one end and an exit at the other. In front are tickets indicating prices, weight and the number of points required. On entering, a customer picks up one of the baskets provided, packs the articles she requires and takes them to the other end, where an assistant takes the necessary coupons, makes out a price ticket and then packs the goods into the customer's own basket

THE WAR EFFORT IN VARIOUS PHASES



LOOKING FOR HIGH FLYERS FOR THE R.A.F.: While the men are inside the high-altitude chamber, a constant watch is maintained through the peep-holes by officers outside

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PARTS OF THE R.A.F.'S HIGH-ALTITUDE TEST is in progress here. At one end of the chamber is an aeroplane's control column and instrument panel. Through the earphones, a pilot is given flying instructions. And while these are being given, a recording machine outside traces the speed and accuracy of his reactions under reduced air pressure

THE CONTROLLER now makes conditions inside the chamber equivalent to those obtaining at a height of 50,000 ft. He controls the time taken for both "ascent" and "descent"

All the aircraft of the warring nations are now "going upstairs." To a fighter, height means tactical advantage; to a bomber, it means relative immunity from A.-A. fire and from hostile fighter aircraft. So there is a race between all designers to produce aircraft with higher and higher "ceilings" and engines which will function at great altitudes. Britain and America are not behind in this race towards the sub-stratosphere: in the R.A.F. high-flying tests, whereby personnel are subjected to conditions approximating those at 50,000 ft., are now almost a routine matter. The pictures reproduced here show the chamber in which these tests are carried out. Up to the present the world's height record is held by Italy: by preparing a freak aircraft—the Caproni Ca 161 bis—before the war one of their pilots was able to ascend to 56,176 ft.!

Inside the chamber, pens burst and lighters fume, so before entering pilots under test are asked to deposit them outside

THE ITALIAN "BOX"-MINE IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT: *On left*—How the mines are placed in shallow depressions. *On right*—South African sappers rendering them harmless by removing the detonators. These Italian specimens differ from the German "tellers," which are round and shallow; and from the British, which are also shallow but squarer. The Italian "boxes" are quite deep and long and they appear to be made in two main parts

AN IMPRESSIVE-LOOKING WEAPON FROM THE U.S.: The U.S. Army have brought over with them much fine equipment. Here American artillerymen are seen in action on a British range with their latest heavy field-gun. This weapon is a 155-mm. gun: it fires a projectile of 95 lb. and has a range of 26,000 yards

THE GREAT "ALCAN HIGHWAY," to link Canada with Alaska, which is now nearly ready. From British Columbia to the heart of Alaska, a distance of more than 1,500 miles, the great highway is now nearing completion and will be ready for traffic some time next month. It has been an epic undertaking, and its early completion shows what drive has been put into its construction. The "Alcan Highway" is a vital artery in North America's network of defence: over it will go weapons and supplies to the north and to the Aleutians. Alongside the road a chain of new airfields has also been built from Edmonton, in Alberta, to Fairbanks, in Alaska

AN ENEMY AERODROME IN THE DESERT after an R.A.F. raid: The wreckage of a twin-engined German aircraft—it is surrounded by other planes undergoing repair, one of which (in the upper right-hand) has only one wing, it will be observed. For some time, successful raids like this have been made almost daily, and many aircraft have been destroyed

MR. HENRY J. KAISER MEETS THE MOST IMPORTANT U.S. AIRCRAFT BUILDERS: A picture taken in Santa Monica, California, when Mr. Kaiser propounded his proposals for the design and construction of giant cargo-carrying aircraft: the results of this meeting were kept secret. From left to right here are—Mr. Glenn L. Martin, President and founder of the great Baltimore aircraft factory bearing his name; Mr. Donald W. Douglas, President of the Douglas Corporation, makers of the world's biggest aircraft; Mr. Henry J. Kaiser; and Mr. John K. Northrop, President of the Northrop Aircraft Company, of Hawthorne, California

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

"WE HAVE KEPT OUR WORD TO RUSSIA"

Philip Jordan Sees the Soviets Fight; Nostalgic Townsmen and Bumper Harvests; Sportsmen's Stories; The Amateur Mine Host

MR. PHILIP JORDAN was the first British correspondent to arrive in Moscow after the German invasion of Russia. He went there as one who has long been sympathetic to the concept of better Anglo-Soviet relations, but he also went with as open a mind as an enthusiast may well possess. **RUSSIAN GLORY** (Cresset Press. 7s. 6d.) is the result of many months in Moscow and Kuybishev, and at the fronts and fighter stations. He is an acute observer but, much more than that, he is an imaginative man, and it is that quality in him, as much as his newsman's sense of what is, or is not, a "good story" that pervades this book, and makes it one of the season's most outstanding.

It should be read deliberately, thoughtfully, and with due regard to the author's own progression through the events that make his tale, but the reviewer may be forgiven for taking a few statements out of their context, even if those statements are thereby distorted. With that proviso, it is permissible to quote Mr. Jordan on the British Government's help to the Russian war effort.

"Even at the cost of running frightful risks elsewhere, we have kept our word to the Soviet Union, and the convoys have gone through as regularly as the cuckoo sings from the door of a wound-up clock." That needs no emphasis or comment to anyone who has read his recent news despatches, or heard, even in the most reticent and understated terms, the experiences of one of the men who has helped to get those convoys through.

No correspondent, based on Moscow during the last year or so, has been able to resist writing "good colour stuff" about the visit of Lord Beaverbrook, or the work of Sir Stafford Cripps there. Readers will be grateful that Mr. Jordan is no exception to this journalistic rule, for he has, as always, a personal and sharply observant view of these matters.

"There is a certainty about Cripps," he writes, "which I think a little dangerous, a kind of Miltonic pride, which knows, and does not require to argue or defend. But there is also, behind that ambition, a shining and tremendous honesty, which, it must be confessed, is sometimes a little trying to a more mortal soul. And I do not think that he is a good judge of men. Sometimes I think that Jekyll and Hyde struggle in that great character for mastery, for ambition pulls one way, and the desire and urge to do only what is right and good pull as hardly in the other; and the result is too often a compromise that satisfies neither side of his character."

On the Beaverbrook visit his judgment is at least as personal: "The greatest mistake of the conference was made by Beaverbrook when he obviously dismissed as of no importance, Stalin's request that the British Government should discuss with him the subject of post-war Europe, and should discuss it not in vague, nebulous terms, but as a proposition whose blueprints could now be drawn."

And on the mission of Harry Hopkins, Mr. Roosevelt's special emissary and friend, he writes: ". . . . Hopkins did not lose heart or faith in the Russian ability to hold out and eventually to win; he affirmed his faith in Russia and implied that it was, from then on, to be number one on the priority list for American aid, on the correct assumption that now the immediate menace to Britain was deflected, all that it was necessary to do for us was to maintain the *status quo*, but that, as the struggle had moved to Eastern Europe, it was to Eastern Europe that the supplies must be sent."

You will want to read this book, however you may disagree with some of the writer's conclusions; most readers, I think, will want to endorse my estimate of his brilliant, first-hand reporting.

It must have been obvious to those whose really necessary journeys have recently taken them through the rural scene, that the English countryside is in good heart. Even the most myopic townsman, to whom a Leicestershire fence is a hedge, and a Kentish oast-house a good pull-up for tea, must be aware of the transformation from the days when he used to rush past broken-down barns, bramble-thickened ditches, and bracken-ridden pasture, without thinking them anything else but picturesque.

He used to wag his head solemnly in the generally-accepted belief that his country could not grow enough in a year to feed the population for more than a few weeks. Now, thanks to the resilience of a badly-treated and much-abused industry, he has come to other beliefs, and the miracle of the last harvest has been vouchsafed to him.

That the good heart was always there is demonstrably true, or English literature would not be as rich as it is in the love of the soil of this sceptred isle. Part of the revolt against excessive urbanisation has been voiced in the works of those nostalgic townsmen who have fled the semi-detached life for the fuller and less comfortable vicissitudes of one which brought them solace and content through hard work. Notable among these is Mr. Adrian Bell, who told in *Corduroy* how, in 1920, he fled from "the threat of office life" to the broad acres of Suffolk, and, after a reasonable apprenticeship, became a farmer in his own right.

APPLE-ACRE (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) has all the charm, good sense and observation of his earlier books, but, in these sketches, one finds the imperceptible but insistent upward note. It is a note of confidence, of pride of achievement, of the reawakening of a spirit which, though crushed, battered and sullenly dormant, was never dead.

The story of England at war, whether it be in the skies or on the sea, in the factories or in the stubborn existence of the little people in the back-streets of congested towns, has no more magnificent chapter than that in which can be told the resuscitation of its countryside. If we listen to the Cassandras, we usually hear of the mistrust and the betrayal which followed the last war. If these do not prove false prophets, and if disillusionment and betrayal of this country's heritage follows this conflict, then we have no right to ask for or to receive divine miracles. Books like *Apple-Acre*, and writers like Mr. Bell, should serve to keep the conscience clear.

The word "sportsman" covers a multitude of our national sins. With the growth of modern journalism, it has come to mean a variety of things—from the man who plays up, plays the game, and plays fair, all decked out in his old school colours, to the gentleman who regularly follows the fortunes of the Arsenal, and the leather-lunged bookie, who will lay lamentably short odds in the silver ring. There is also he who organises the slaughter of large carnivori in the jungles of Africa and India, as well as the man who is rich enough to dabble in blood-stock.

The publishers of **BEST SPORTING STORIES: CHOSEN BY J. WENTWORTH DAY** (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) cheerfully roll all these things into one, and assert that they have, in this volume, collected the best that has been written in contemporary fiction about "those sports of the field, and games, which have made the English spirit."

It is a good collection, and a comprehensive one, containing something to the taste of every sportsman who can read. No such omnibus volume would be complete without that immortal classic, "The Maltese Cat," about which I declare, if it is not Kipling at his best, I will eat the next polo ball made from a bamboo-root.

Then there is a delightfully characteristic piece by Lord Dunsany, "How Jembu Played for Cambridge," while Mr. Bernard Darwin's urbanities are beautifully demonstrated in "The Wooden Putter."

Most of all, and perhaps because I like fishing, and stories of small boys, I enjoyed a gem called "The River God," by Mr. Roland Pertwee, a writer whom I have, alas, too seldom encountered in this vein. I can most enthusiastically recommend this collection, not only to sportsmen, but even to those who would be horrified to find the term applied to them.

There is something in the present state of affairs which puts an edge on one's appetite for books about food and wine. Mr. T. A. Layton was one of those enthusiasts who did not subscribe to the popular belief that the English are indifferent to such matters. In **TABLE FOR TWO** (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.) he describes how he founded two distinguished and inexpensive rendezvous for good eating and good drinking, enjoyed himself, and made a reasonably good thing out of it.

It is borne upon the reader that such a life is not all wine and omelettes, but it does demonstrate that there are those who used to walk the sacred shades of Bloomsbury who could appreciate a fine sherry, good vintage claret, and a beautifully balanced meal, priced 2s. 3d.

There is one chapter on wine and wine sales, which many amateurs in this much-misunderstood racket will appreciate.

Mr. Layton has a quick pen and an observing mind, and his comments are by no means confined to the materials of his trade, as, for instance, "no one should wear a bowler unless it comes from Lock." I hope Mr. Layton is managing to keep clear of the cook-house while he is in the Army.

THE VOICE OF LORD TENNYSON SPEAKS ONCE AGAIN: In 1889 Edison sent two of his mechanics to Britain to record the speech of the three greatest people living in this country at the time—Queen Victoria, Gladstone and Alfred, Lord Tennyson. At a Tennyson Commemoration Meeting at the headquarters of the Poetry Society in Portman Square a few days ago, the records were played over by Mr. Charles Tennyson, grandson of the great Victorian poet. In this picture Mr. Tennyson is seated at the left, whilst Mr. Duff Cooper (who was in the Chair) addresses the meeting

A NEW JUDGE AND HIS FAMILY: The King a few days ago approved the appointment of Mr. Gonne St. Clair Pilcher, M.C., K.C., to be a Justice of the High Court in place of the late Mr. Justice Langton. Mr. Pilcher is fifty-two years of age; he was called to the Bar in 1915; and in the last war he won the Military Cross. This picture was taken as the new Judge set out for the House of Lords: on the left is his wife; on the right his daughter and his clerk

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¶ 'Forces Telegrams' were introduced for the Empire Forces overseas, and 1,250,000 messages were carried at Christmas. The Empire Press rate was reduced to a penny a word, and Press news traffic is now nearly four times what it was in 1938.

¶ The strain of wartime traffic is very great. Cable and Wireless is now handling more than one and a half million words a day in its unceasing service. With this, and the loss of its main Far Eastern routes, it is not always possible to give the same service as in peace time, but the Company and its Staff are doing all that is humanly possible.

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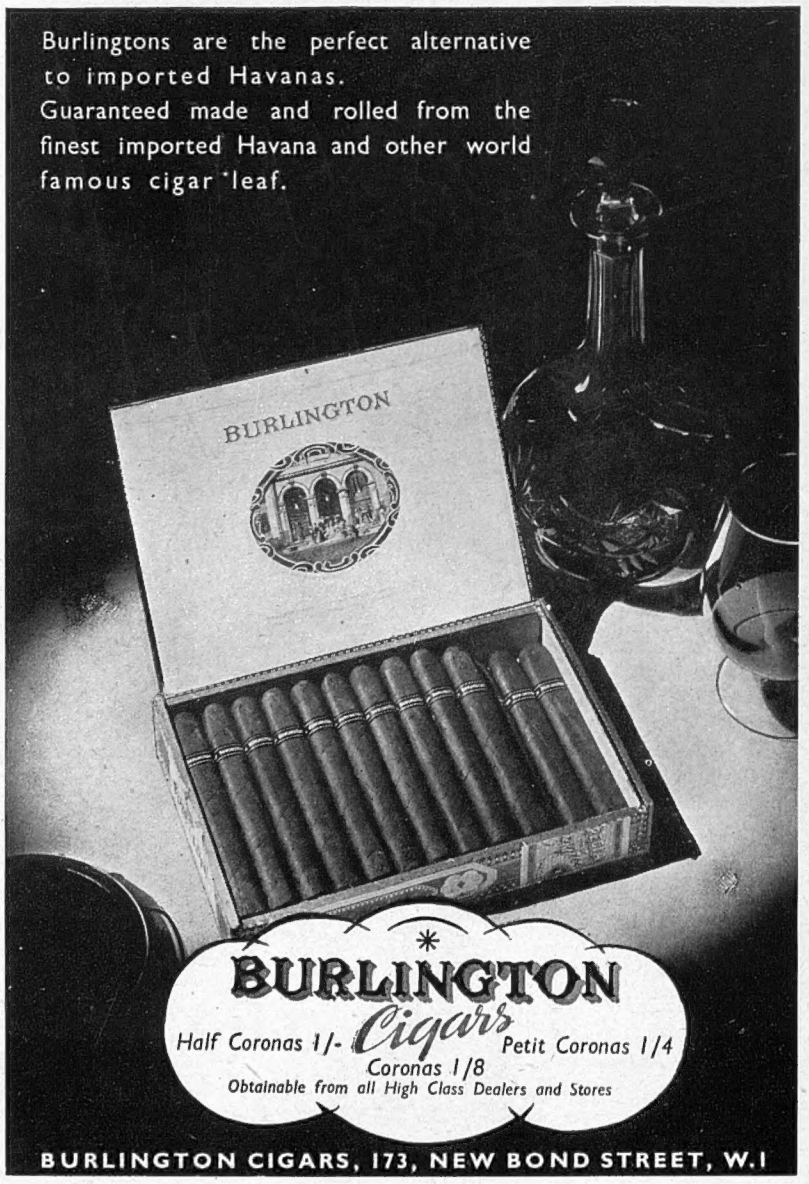

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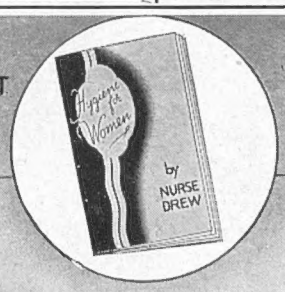

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HEALTH AND FOOD RATIONS

WHICH FOODS GIVE US ENERGY?

Everybody knows that the man who does hard manual work and the child who is never still for a moment need more energy-producing foods than the man who sits all day in an office. Yet even the sedentary worker needs a diet of which half at least consists of carbohydrates, the energy-givers.

Obviously, then, the carbohydrates are important, especially for children. Fortunately they are cheap and so varied that any shortage in one group can be made up by substituting others in good supply.

Starch and sugars are the main carbohydrates. Starch is the chief constituent of flours and cereals. Potatoes, and the pulses such as peas and beans, are also rich in starch. Sugars are, of course, a problem to-day and it is best to save the syrup, honey, jam or chocolate for the children.

Fats are the other energy-makers. They give a reserve of energy while carbohydrates give quick energy. Fats are provided by lard, suet, dripping, butter, margarine and fat meat. Don't overlook the herring either; whether you eat him as bloater, kipper, or fresh herring, he's fine food for energy.

This is one of a series of announcements issued in support of the Government's food policy by the makers of

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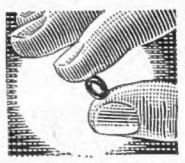
HALIBUT  LIVER OIL

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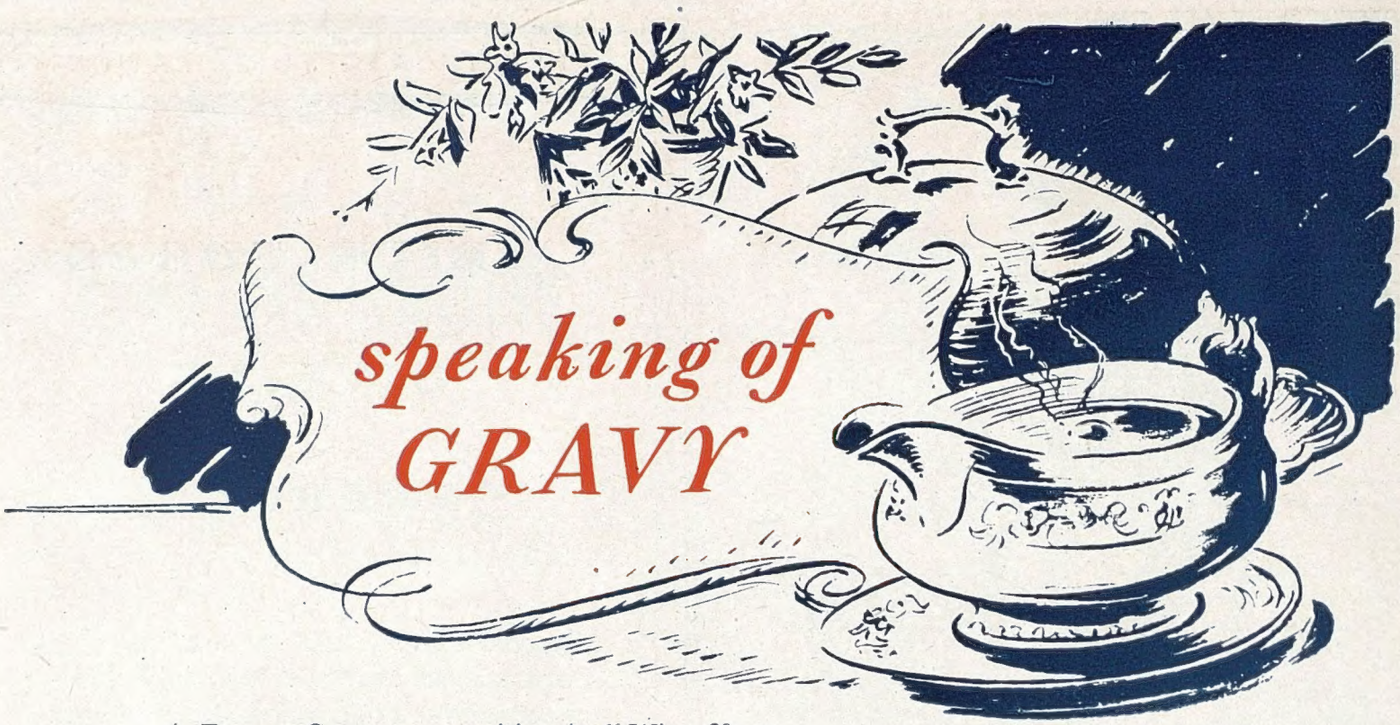

speaking of GRAVY

A Famous Gastronome, writing in "Wine & Food," Summer Number 1942, has said:—

"TO-DAY, when our roasts are nearly all bakes, the cook usually serves them with thickened gravy. She pours away from the baking tin all the fat except a dessertspoonful. To this she adds a dessertspoonful of flour or cornflour and mixes it over the fire until it is brown and smooth. Next, she pours in a half-pint of stock or water and stirs it till it boils. After a few minutes of simmering and a final skimming and seasoning the thick gravy is ready."

"In wartime," continues the writer, "we can imitate it by melting some meat dripping in a baking-tin and proceeding as above with flour and with stock made from two penny cubes of OXO."

OXO

COMES OF GOOD STOCK

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